

FEBRUARY

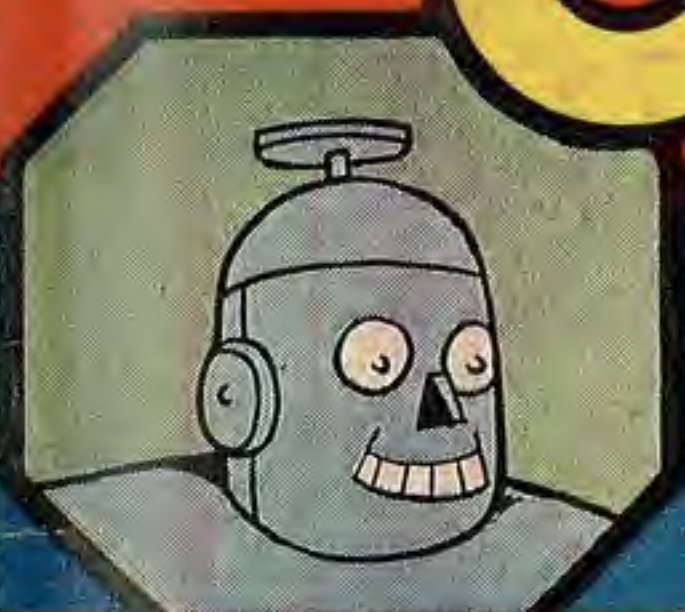
No. 19

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

ANOTHER THRILLING  
EPISODE OF  
**THE RAY**  
IN THIS ISSUE



BOZO THE ROBOT



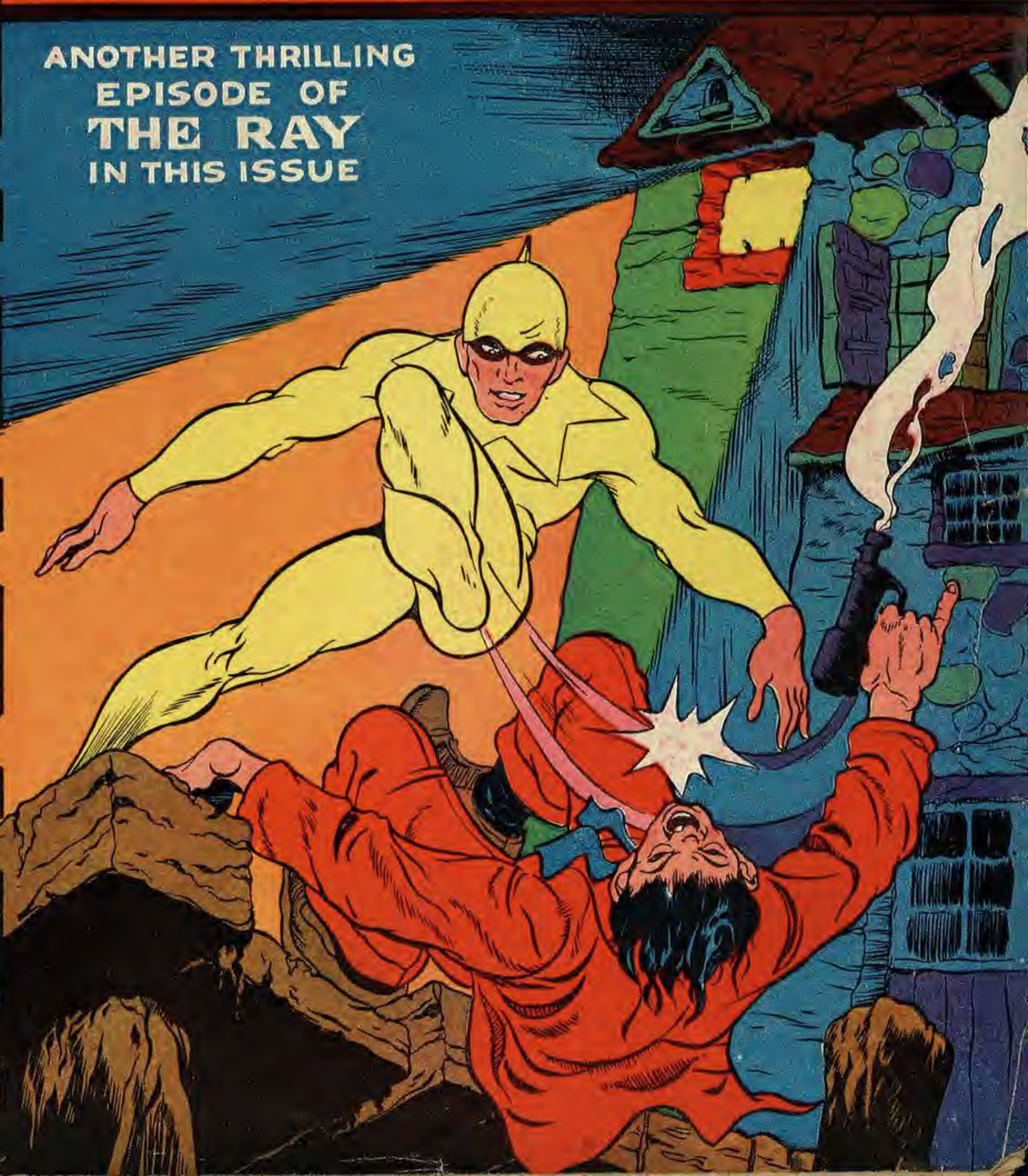
ESPIONAGE



WINGS WENDALL



MIDNIGHT





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

## AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

### SMASH COMICS

*starring*

The Ray    Espionage    Bozo the Robot  
Midnight    Wings Wendall    Chic Carter  
The Purple Trio    Archie O'Toole  
Invisible Justice    Scarlet Seal    Magno

### CRACK COMICS

*starring*

The Black Condor    The Clock  
Alias The Spider    Jane Arden  
Molly The Model    Wizard Wells  
The Red Torpedo    The Space Legion  
Tor, Magic Master    Ned Brant  
Slap Happy Pappy

### NATIONAL COMICS

*starring*

Uncle Sam    Prop Powers    Quicksilver  
Merlin    Kid Patrol    Pen Miller  
Sally O'Neil    Paul Bunyan    Kid Dixon  
Wonder Boy    Jack and Jill

### FEATURE COMICS

*starring*

The Doll Man    Zero, Ghost Detective  
Lala Palooza    Mickey Finn  
Samar    USA, The Spirit of Old Glory  
Spin Shaw    Poison Ivy    Rance Keane  
Bruce Blackburn  
Reynolds of The Mounted

### HIT COMICS

*starring*

Hercules    G-5, Super Agent    The Red Bee  
Betty Bates    Don Glory    Bob and Swab  
Neon, The Unknown    Lion Boy  
The Strange Twins    Blaze Barton  
The Old Witch



Wing Span, 46 in.  
Length Overall, 26 3/4 in.  
Fuselage Cross Section, 10 sq. in.  
Wing Area, 254 sq. in.  
Weight, 16 oz.

## Win This Gas Model **PLANE!** 23 Prizes Just for NAMING IT

Come on, Kids—win this New Gas Model Airplane by sending us the best name for it. Oh, Boy! Here's your chance to try your skill at naming this speedy little number which has a specially built motor. The very first name you think of may be just the one to win this Airplane for you. So send a name right away.

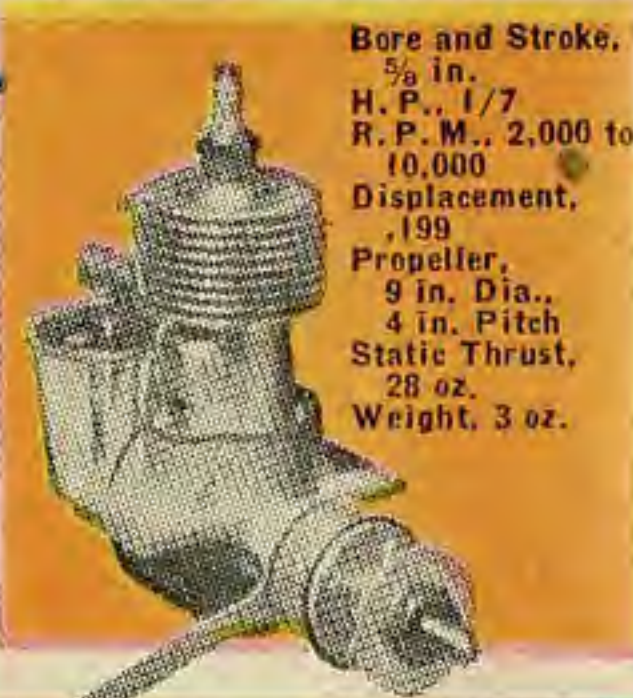
You will get one of these sleek, fast-flying Model Airplanes if the name you send for it wins First, Second, Third, Fourth, or Fifth Prize. Sixth Prize will be \$10.00; Seventh Prize, \$5.00; Eighth Prize, \$3.00; and then there will be 15 more prizes of \$1.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

## The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

"Speed King" and "High Flier" have been suggested as possible names but you can think of a better one. Look at the picture (for the airplane is exactly like the picture), imagine that you are the proud owner of this model flier, then naming it will be easy. You'll be thrilled at this plane's powerful performance. Yes, Sir! It promises to be a favorite at the big air meets because this Class "A" type plane makes such beautiful flights when it is completed according to instructions. The "199" Megow Motor it has is built for long life and easy running because it comes with a permanently sealed-in crankcase and an extra long bronze bearing.

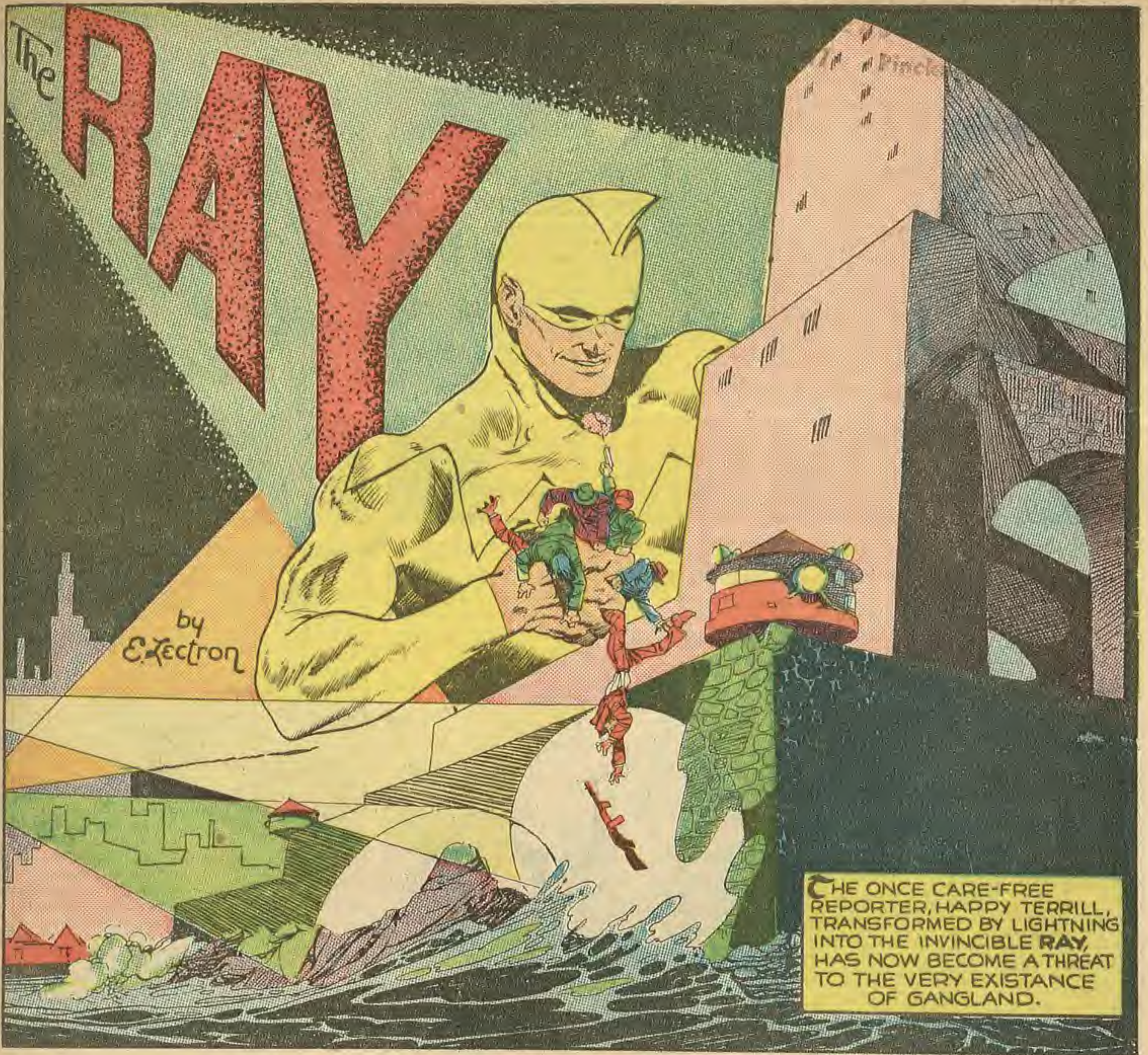
You can bet this motor really "sings" of power. The plane itself has a "Rite Pitch" propeller—a Flight Timer—and Rubber Wheels. Just place the motor in position! Crank her up! Let her go! And watch her zoom through the air! Any boy or girl, living in the 48 states, may send in a name. This offer closes March 31, 1941, so be prompt! Mail us only ONE airplane name on a penny postal card TODAY. Be sure to sign your full name and address on the card and address it to

**MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB, 11 Capper Building, TOPEKA, KANSAS**



Bore and Stroke,  
5/8 in.  
H.P., 1/7  
R.P.M., 2,000 to  
10,000  
Displacement,  
.199  
Propeller,  
9 in. Dia.,  
4 in. Pitch  
Static Thrust,  
28 oz.  
Weight, 3 oz.





THE ONCE CARE-FREE REPORTER, HAPPY TERRILL, TRANSFORMED BY LIGHTNING INTO THE INVINCIBLE RAY, HAS NOW BECOME A THREAT TO THE VERY EXISTENCE OF GANGLAND.

IN CRIMINAL COURT, A VICIOUS GANG LEADER IS AT LAST BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



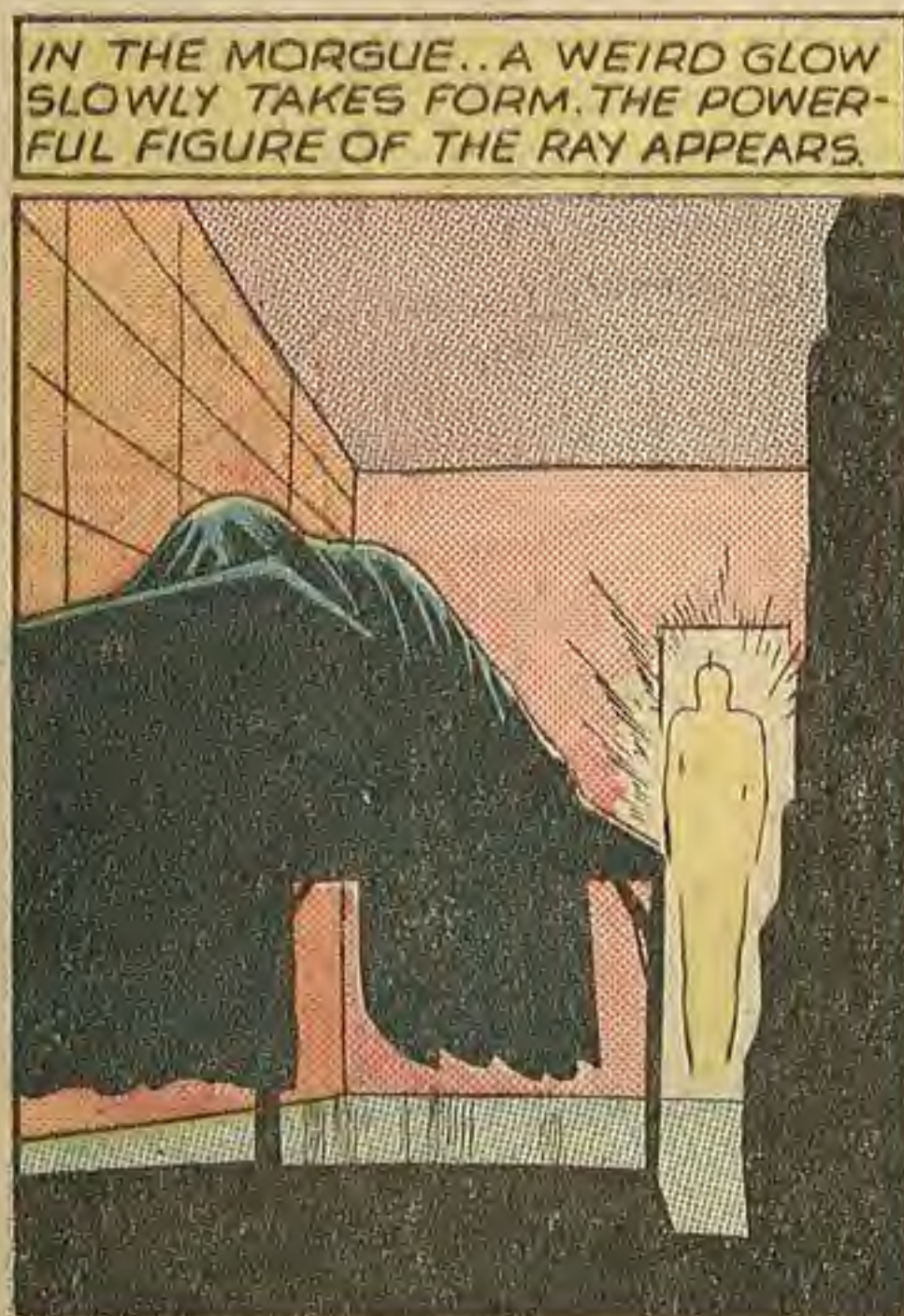
SLASH SCRAPONI, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF EXTORTION, PERJURY AND TAX EVASION!



I SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT ON BEDLAM ISLAND!

THANKS, YER HONOR, THANKS A LOT!







MEAN-  
WHILE ON  
BEDLAM  
ISLAND,  
SLASH  
SCRAPONI  
IS NOT  
EXACTLY  
LANGUISH-  
ING IN  
HIS  
"BARE"  
CELL.

DIS IS WHAT  
I CALL DE  
LIFE!...DE  
COMFORTS  
OF HOME IS  
MEAGRE...  
POSITIVELY  
MEAGRE,  
COMPARED  
TO DIS  
LUXURY.



WARDEN  
WANTS TO  
SEE YOU,  
SLASH.



THINK HE'S  
GETTIN' COLD  
FEET, BOSS!

YEAH? WHAT'S  
EATIN' HIM?...  
MAYBE HE  
WANTS MORE  
DOUGH...



WELL, SHIVER-  
SHOES? DON'T YOU  
LIKE DIS JOB  
• I GAVE YOU?

IT AIN'T  
THAT, SLASH...  
IT'S THAT NOSEY  
REPORTER,  
TERRILL!



HE'S ON HIS WAY  
HERE TO SEE YOU.  
THAT GUY ALWAYS  
KNOWS TOO  
MUCH...YOU KNOW  
WE'RE SKATIN' ON  
THIN ICE  
HERE.



JUST LET ME RUN  
DIS SHOW AND YOU  
PLAY YOUR PART.  
KEEP YOUR MOUTH  
SHUT. WHEN MR.  
TERRILL COMES,  
SHOW HIM TO  
MY CELL.



HELLO, MISTER  
SCRAPONI...OUR  
SOCIETY EDITOR  
WANTS TO KNOW  
IF YOU'LL BE  
ENTERTAINING  
THIS SEASON?

HEH!  
HEH!  
HEH!



YEAH, TELL HER I EXPECT TO  
THROW A BIG "COMIN' OUT"  
PARTY VERY SOON! HA! HA!  
DON'T TAKE ME TOO  
SERIOUSLY, TERRILL, I'M  
IN FER A LONG  
STRETCH...



.. AND I MAY AS WELL PAY MY  
DEBT TO SOCIETY LIKE DE  
JUDGE SAYS... I AIN'T A  
BAD GUY  
REALLY...  
HAVE A  
DRINK?



BEFORE LEAVING, HAPPY TERRILL  
HAS SNAPPED SEVERAL SHOTS OF  
SLASH'S FINGERPRINTS WITH  
HIS MAGNI-RAY AND MINIATURE  
CAMERA.





TERRILL IMMEDIATELY DEVELOPS BOTH SETS OF FILMS.



YEP! THEY CHECK! POSITIVE PROOF THAT SCRAPONI MURDERED HOGAN!



HAPPY HURRIES TO THE CITY ROOM.



WHATTA YOU THINK, CHIEF? OLD SCRAPPY KILLED CORNY HOGAN!

YOU'RE CRAZY AS A COOT!

BY GOLLY YOU'RE RIGHT! HEY! STOP THE PRESSES!

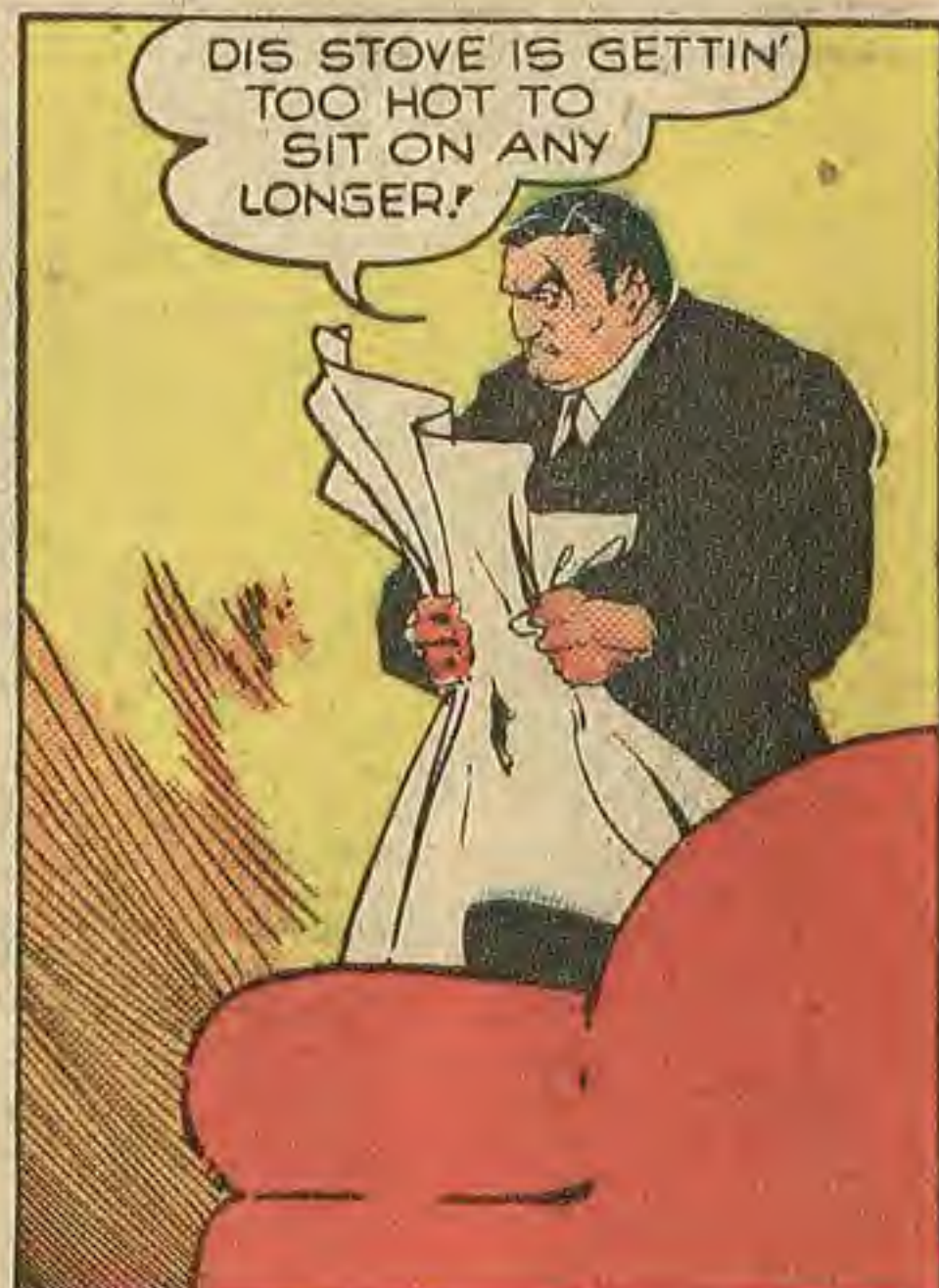


SLASH SCRAPPY ORDER OF CORN  
REPORTER OFFERS  
PROOF. STATE'S  
WITNESS SLAIN  
BY FORMER BOSS  
NOW IMPRISONED.



WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES?!

DIS STOVE IS GETTIN' TOO HOT TO SIT ON ANY LONGER!



SLASH CALLS A MEETING OF THE MEN HE HAS PUT IN PLACE OF PRISON GUARDS AND OFFICIALS.



WE GOTTA SCRAM OUT OF HERE, QUICK!

SUDDENLY.



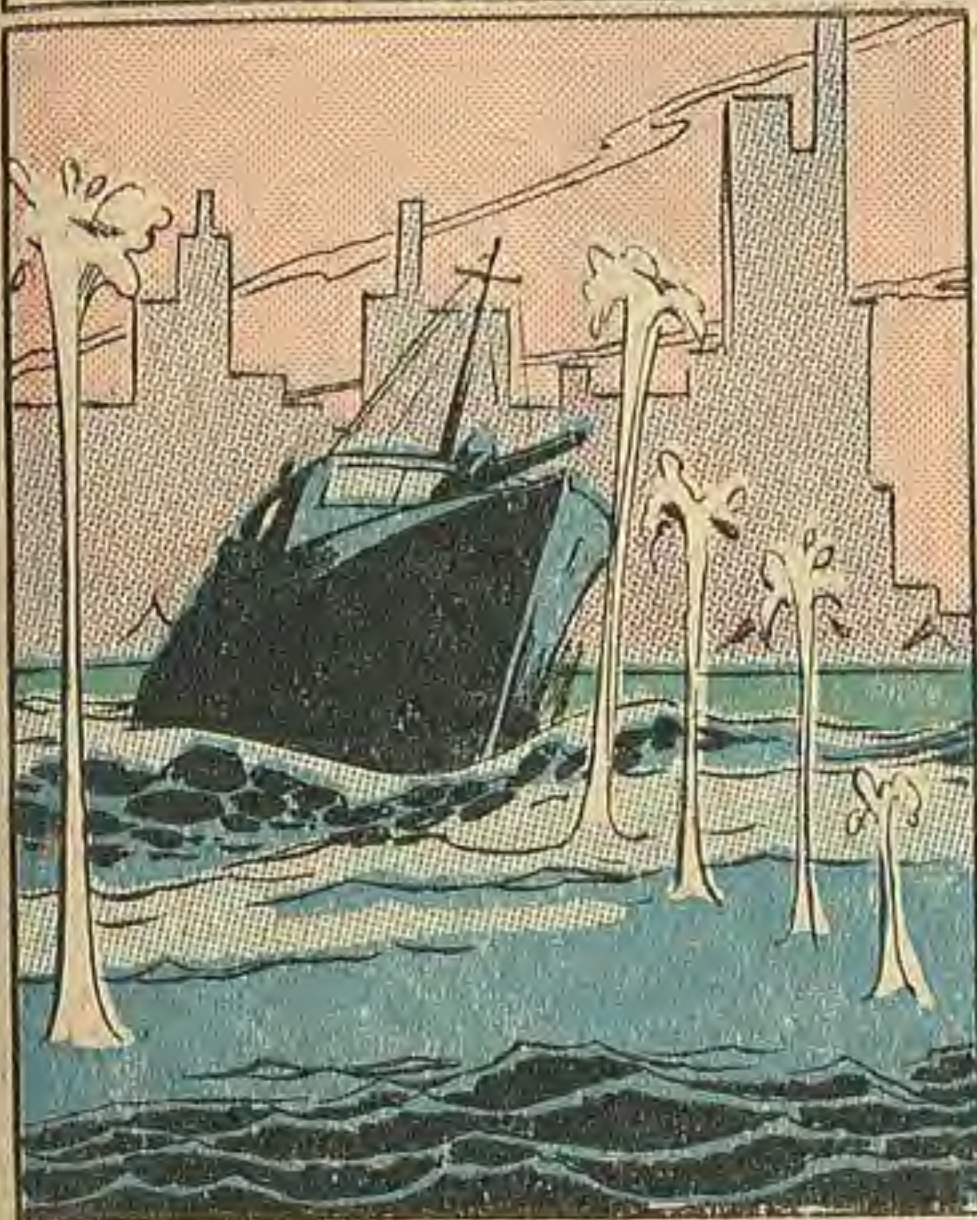
BOSS! DE POLICE CUTTER'S COMIN'!

THE POLICE SPEED TOWARD THE MASS OF BUILDINGS ON BEDLAM ISLAND.

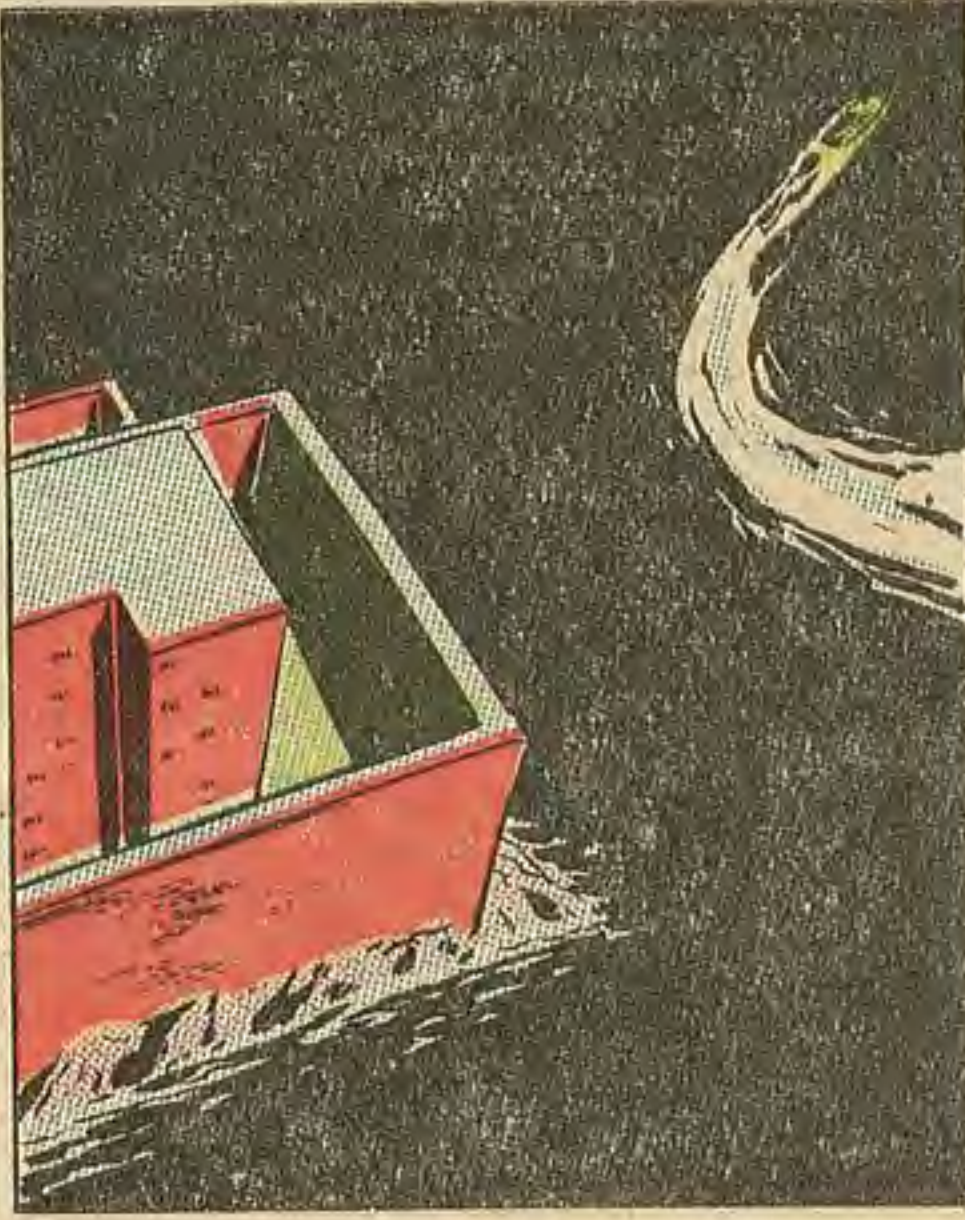




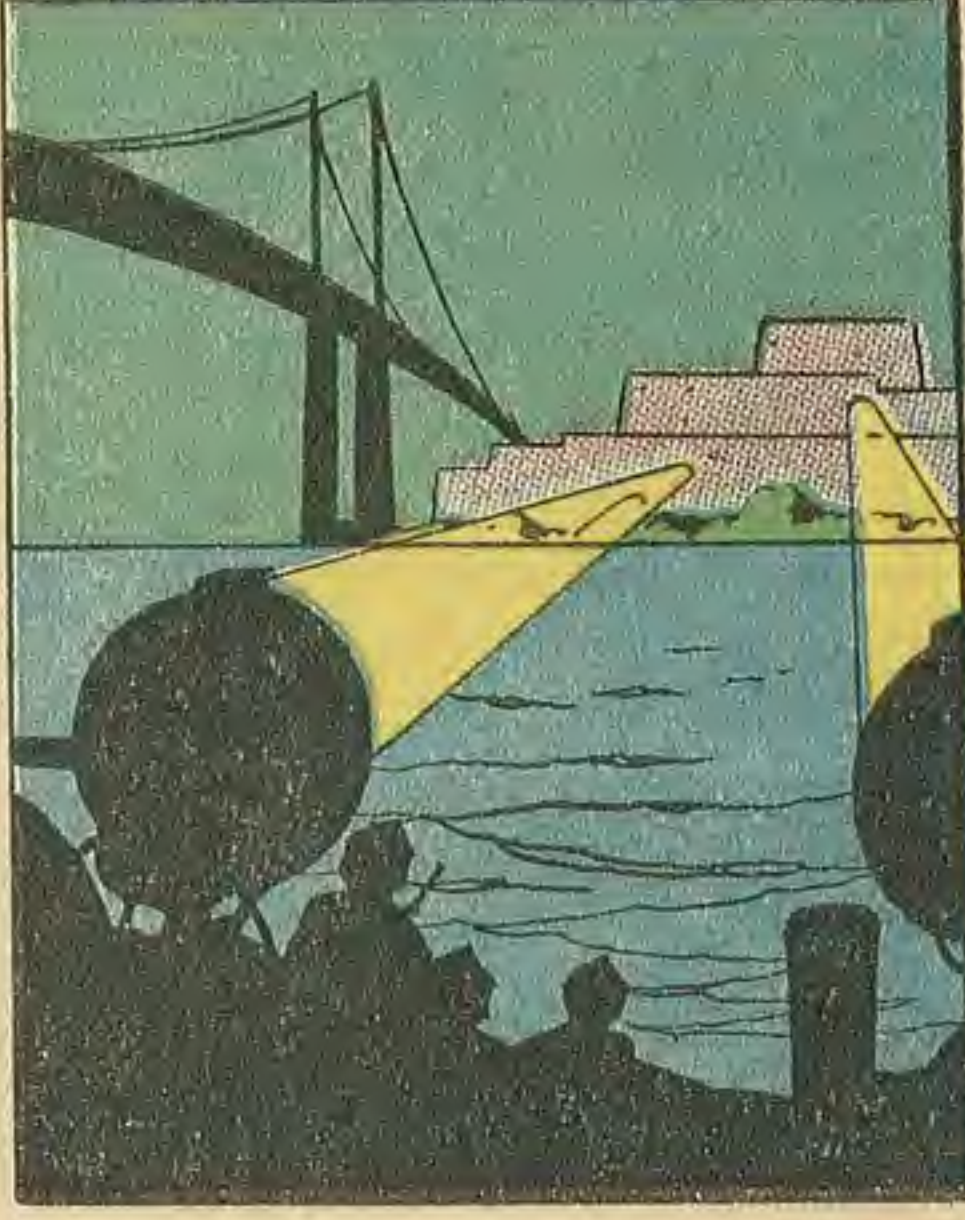
BUT MACHINE GUN BULLETS FIRED FROM THE PRISON, SPRAY THE WATERS WITH DANGER.



THE POLICE ARE FORCED TO TURN BACK TO SHORE. SCORE ONE FOR SCRAPONI.



FROM THE RIVER BANK HUGE SEARCHLIGHTS PLAY ALONG THE PRISON WALLS.



BUT THE GUNS REACH ACROSS THE WATER AND SHATTER THE BULBS.



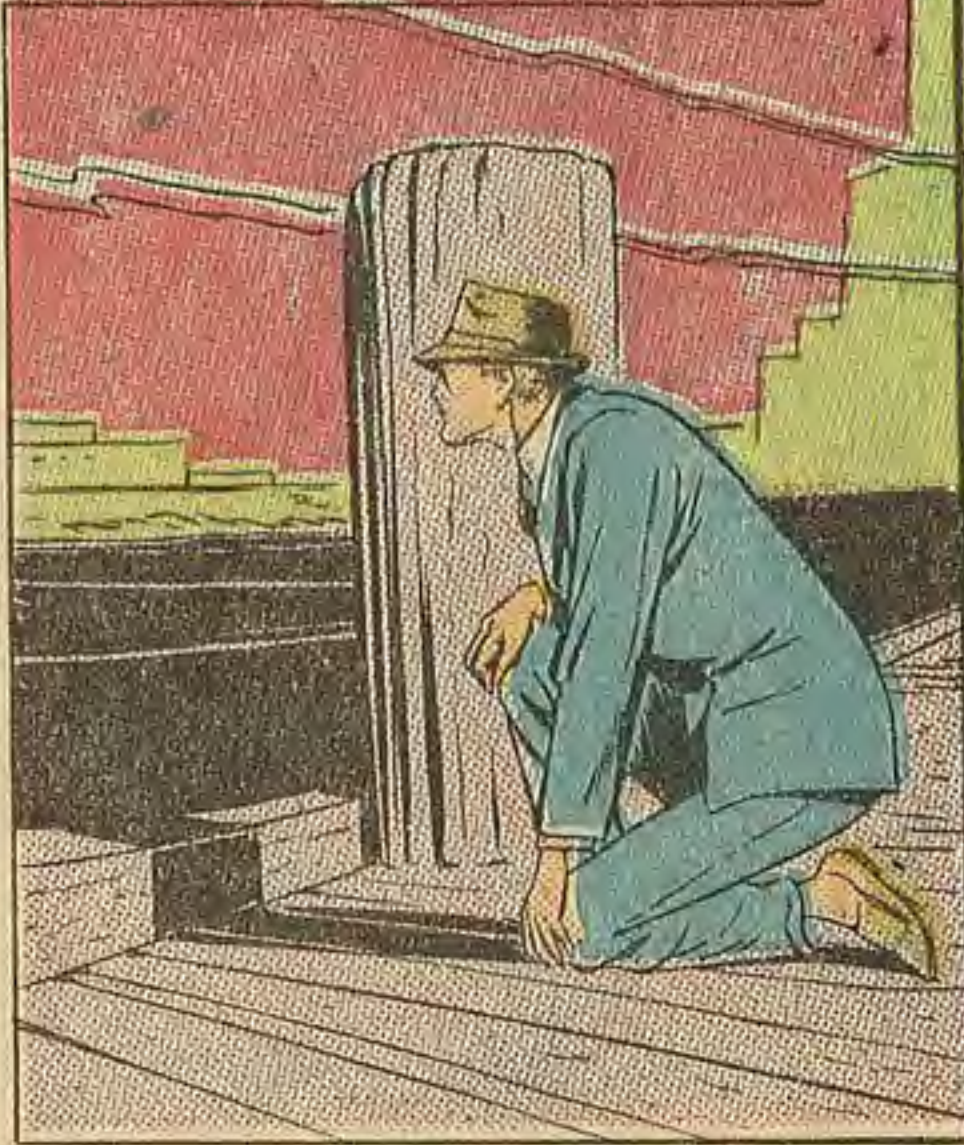
COME ON, WE CAN LEAVE WHILE IT'S DARK!

SHALL WE SURROUND THE ISLAND OR...

MAYBE WE CAN LAY SIEGE... HOLD 'EM INSIDE TILL THEY GIVE IN..



WHILE THE POLICE PONDER, HAPPY TERRILL WATCHES FROM THE DOCKS.

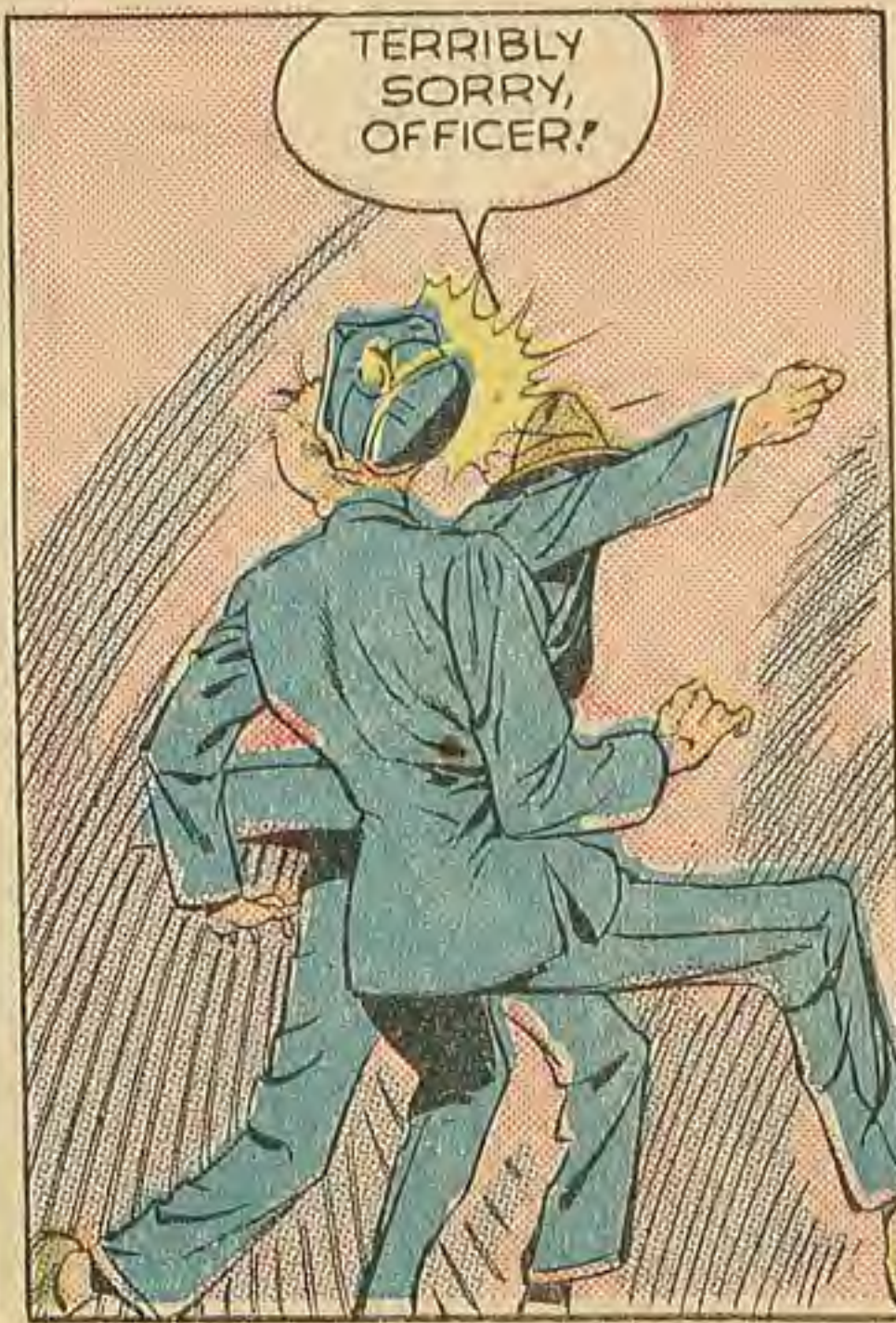


HE DECIDES TO ACT. TO SAVE TIME AND THE LIVES THAT MIGHT BE LOST IN A POLICE BATTLE.

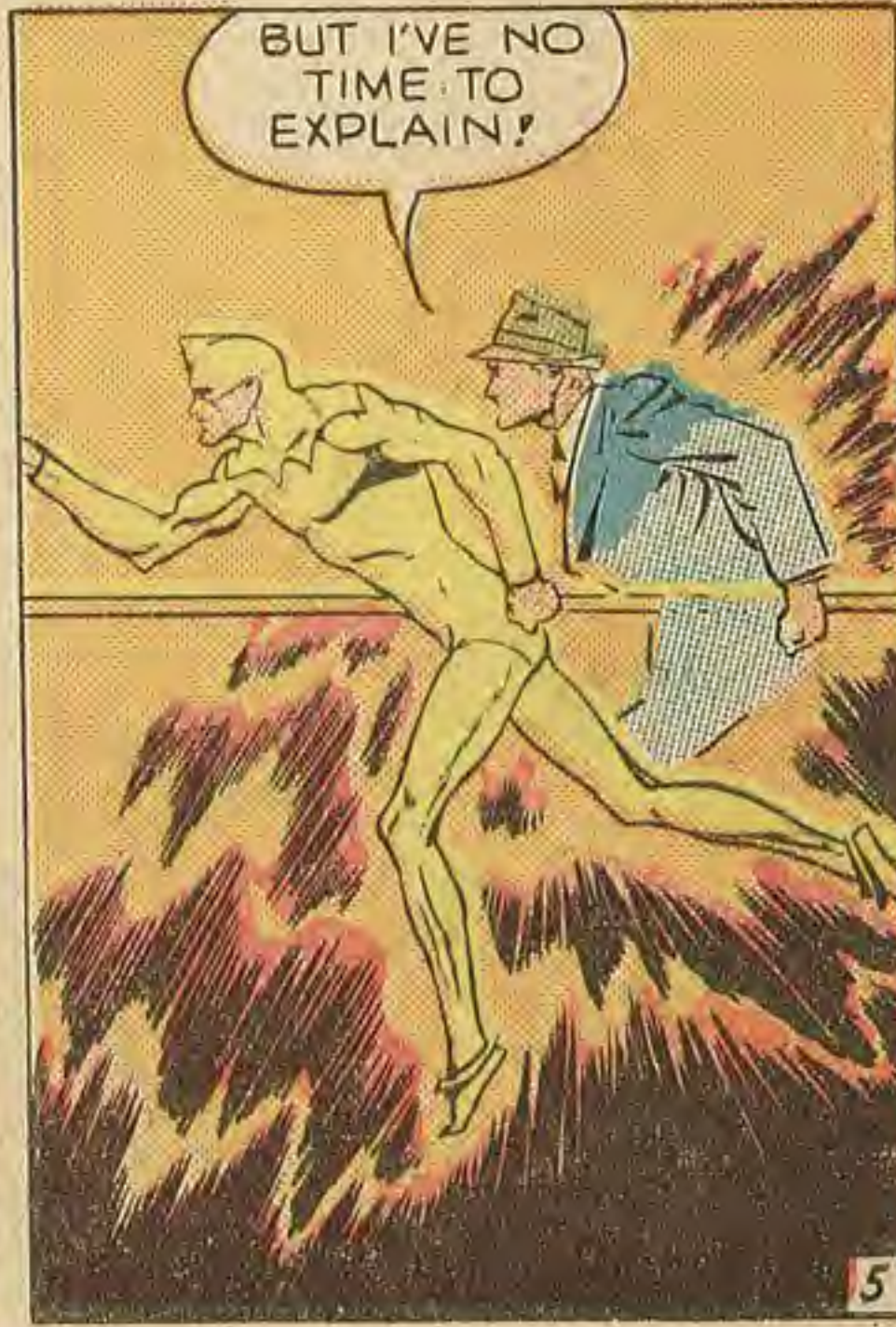


HEY! TURN OFF THAT FLASHLIGHT! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE?

TERRIBLY SORRY, OFFICER!

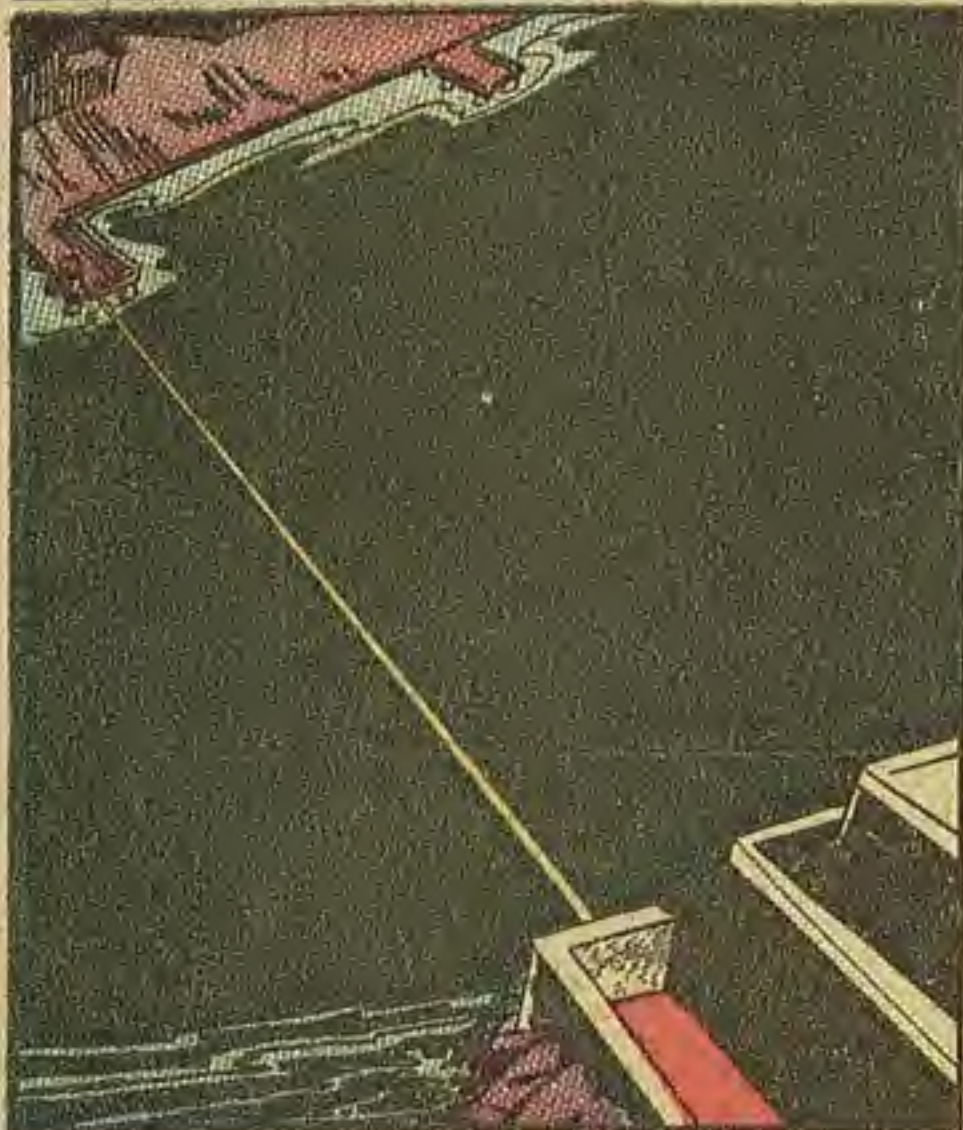


BUT I'VE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!





IN A BLINDING STREAK OF LIGHT, THE RAY SWIMS TO BEDLAM ISLAND FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW.



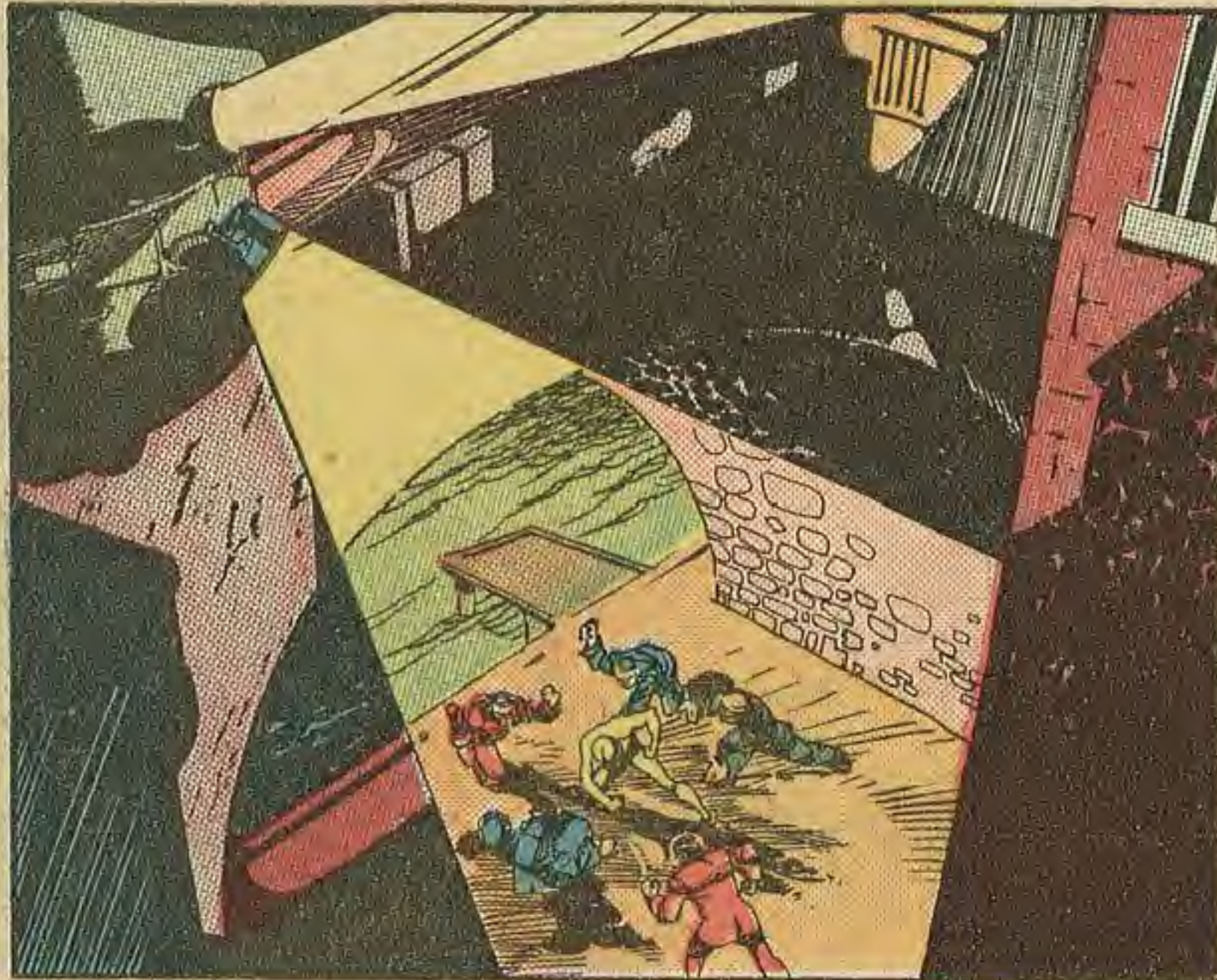
HE HEARS THE CHUGGING OF A MOTOR WARMING UP FOR THE ESCAPE.



THE RAY DIVES LIKE A COMET.



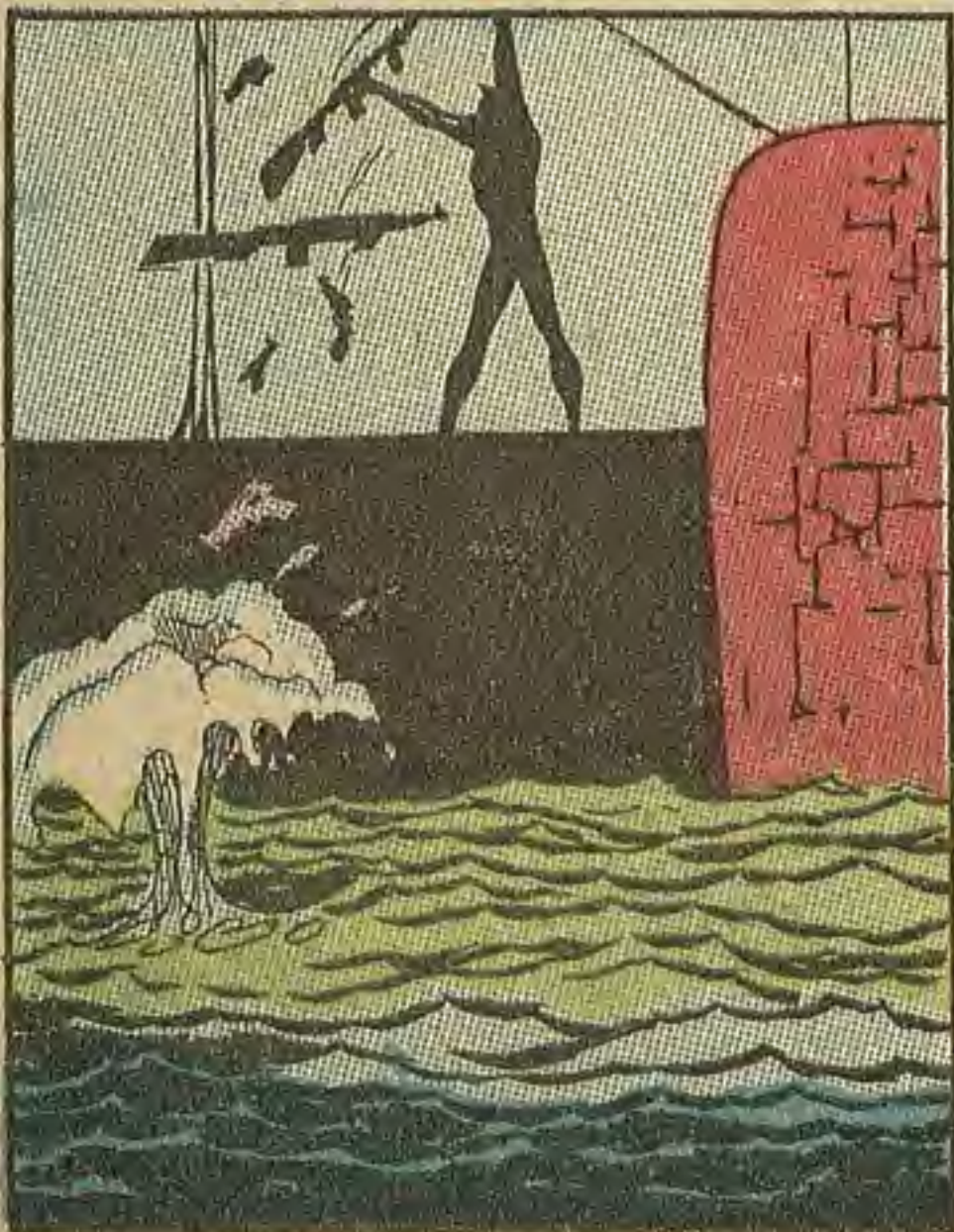
IN THE GLARING LIGHT OF THE HUGE SEARCH BEAMS, THE RAY ATTACKS THE CROOKS WITH A FURY BORN OF THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING THAT TRANSFORMED HIM IN THE STRATOSPHERE.



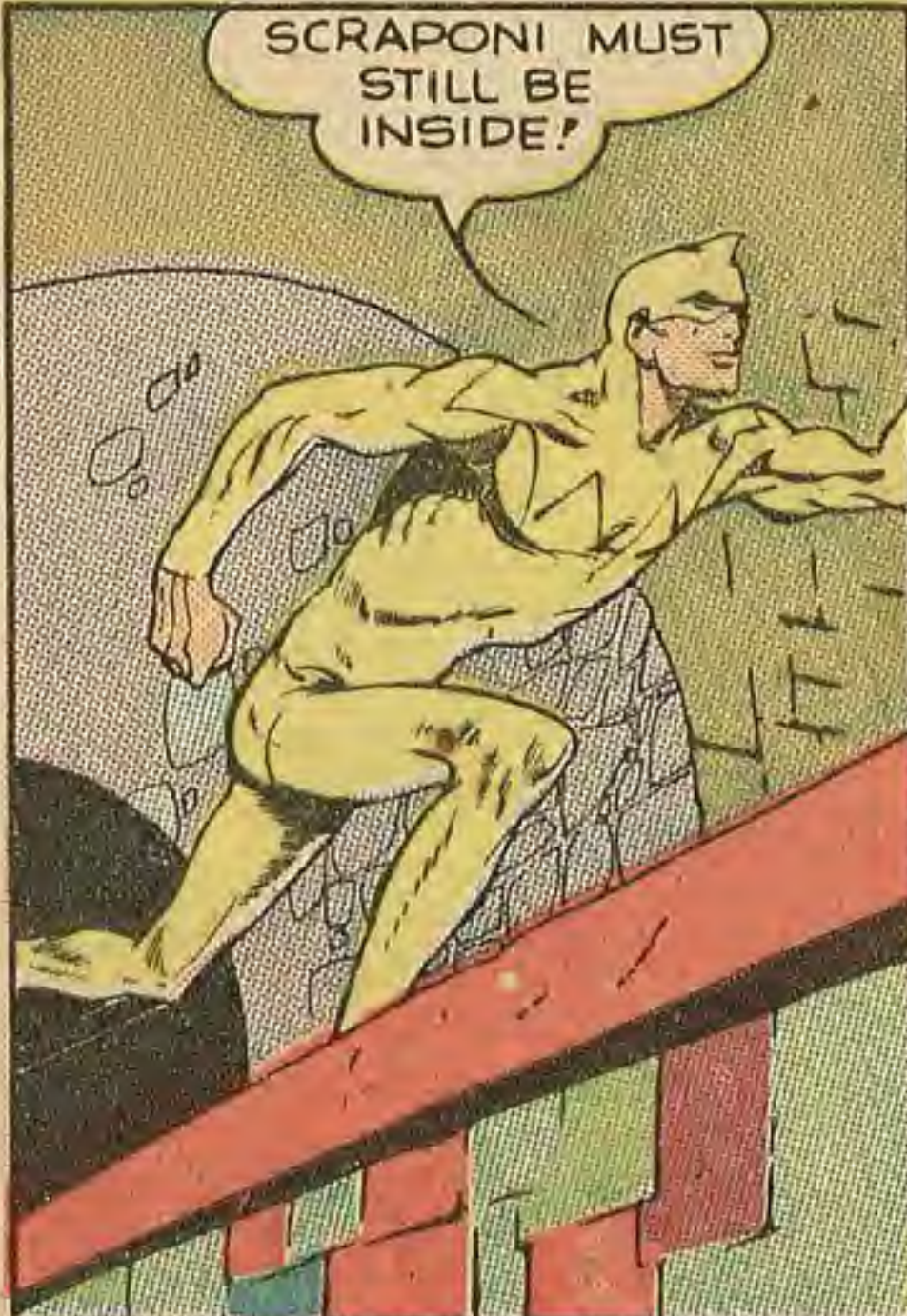
A SLEEPING POWDER, MY FRIEND!



HE TOSSES THEIR AMMUNITION INTO THE BLACK CHILLY WATER.



SCRAPONI MUST STILL BE INSIDE!



DURING THE EXCITEMENT THE OTHER PRISONERS HAVE BROKEN FROM THEIR CELLS. A SMALL BAND OF THEM MEET THE RAY.





WITH EASY BLOWS THAT CONTACT  
LIKE THE TAIL OF A TORNADO, THE  
RAY PLOWS THROUGH THEM.



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

COME ON, YOU GUYS,  
I'M GONNA GET THE REAL  
WARDEN AND HIS MEN.  
WE CAN USE 'EM  
NOW!



I LOCKED THEM UP DOWN  
IN THIS DUNGEON..USED TO  
BE THE OLD PRISON..I  
PUT MY MEN IN THEIR  
PLACES..  
NOW  
THEY'LL  
MAKE  
GOOD  
HOSTAGES!



WELL, WARDEN,  
GUESS YOU  
WON'T MIND  
LEAVIN'  
DIS DUMP?  
GIT MOVIN'!

THIS  
IS AN  
OUTRAGE!



SCRAPONI, YOU'VE  
HAD YOUR WAY HERE TOO  
LONG. THIS FINAL INSULT  
WILL BE YOUR LAST...  
YOU'LL NEVER GET  
AWAY WITH  
IT!

AW  
SHUT  
UP!



THE BOAT IS NOT QUITE READY  
WHEN SCRAPONI AND HIS  
PRISONERS EMBARK, BUT HE  
GIVES ORDERS TO SHOVE OFF.



THE RAY HAS LEFT THE ENEMY  
DIVISION COMPLETELY  
DEMORALIZED.

NOW FOR  
MR. SLASH!



BUT HE REACHES THE DOCK  
JUST AS THE BOAT CHURNS OUT.

TOO  
LATE!



OUT TO THE  
BAY! WE CAN GO  
DOWN THE COAST  
AND HIDE IN A  
COVE SOME-  
WHERE!







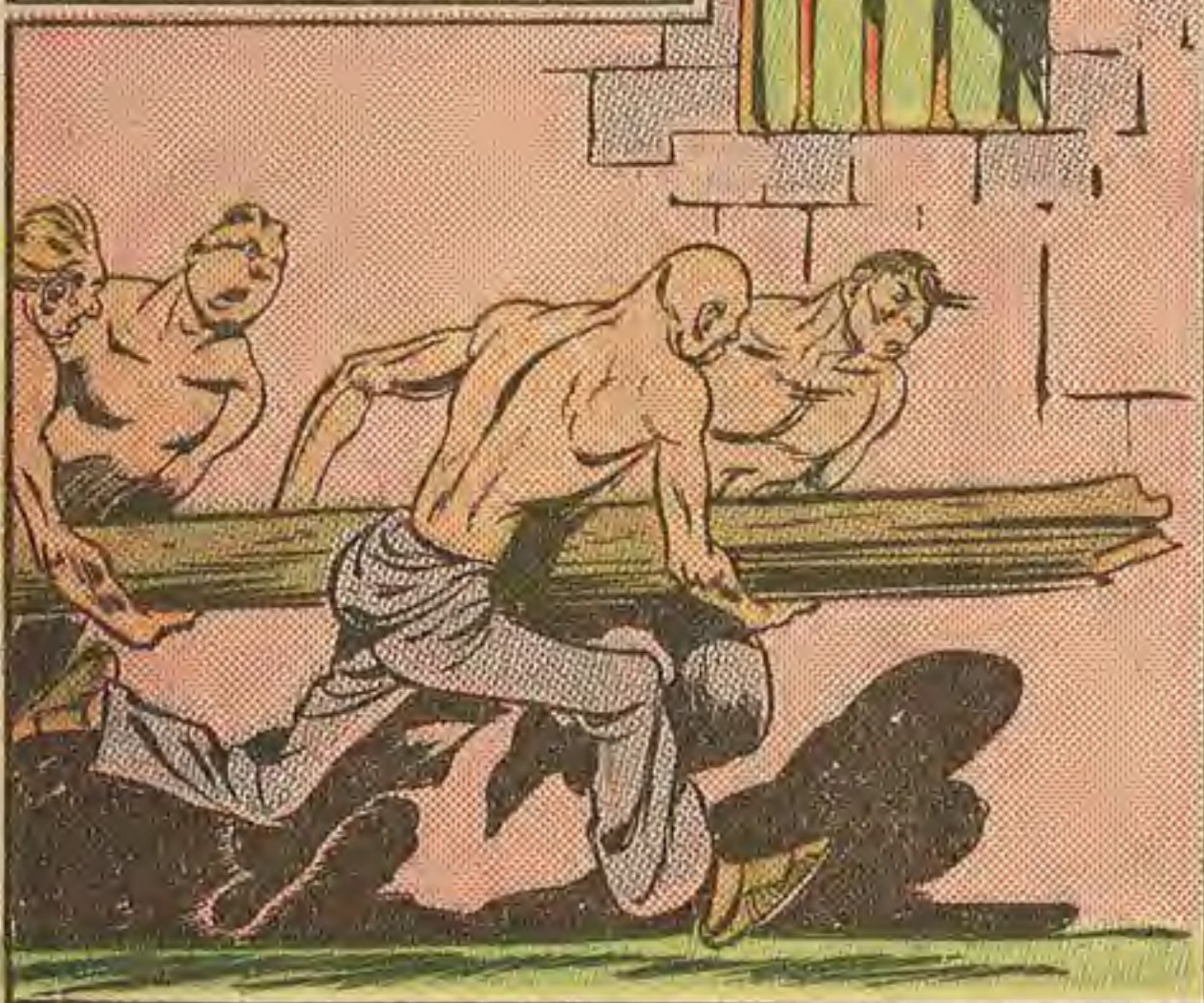
THE RAY DASHES TO THE POWER ROOM TO TURN ON THE LARGEST LIGHT, BUT WHEN HE PULLS THE SWITCH.



THE OUTRAGED PRISONERS HAVE FOLLOWED HIM, FURIOUS AT HIS INTERFERENCE.



FROM THE WORKYARD THEY BRING A HUGE RAMMING LOG TO BATTER DOWN THE STEEL DOOR.



WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THE LOG SMASHES THROUGH.



JUST THEN HE HEARS THE WELCOME ROAR OF A POLICE PLANE HOVERING ABOVE.



IT DROPS A BRILLIANT FLARE, ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE RIVER.





THE SUDDEN FLASH IS ALL THAT THE RAY NEEDED TO TRANSPORT HIM FROM THE ISLAND.



STALLED! WE'RE OUT OF GAS! WELL, YOU WON'T BE ANY GOOD TO US HERE, WARDEN, MAY AS WELL...

SCRAPONI, DON'T!

BEFORE SLASH'S TRIGGER FINGER CAN MOVE, A SWIFT FORM DIVES UPON HIM.



THE GANGSTER REELS WITH PAIN AS BLOW AFTER BLOW OF POWER PACKED DYNAMITE RAINS ON HIM IN RAPID SUCCESSION...



THE REST OF THE CROOKS SWING FRANTICALLY AT THE EVASIVE RAY AS HE STREAKS AMONG THEM.



BUT THEY ALL GO DOWN BEFORE HIM LIKE LEAVES IN A HIGH WIND.



YOUR PRISONERS, WARDEN!

THANK YOU. BUT HOW DO WE GET BACK? WE'VE STALLED!

THE RAY ANSWERS BY SENDING THE ENTIRE CREW BACK ON A CURVED BEAM OF LIGHT.



BACK AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



WELL, TERRILL, WHAT EXCUSE HAVE YOU GOT NOW FOR NOT BRINGING ME THE ENTIRE STORY ON THE SCRAPONI JAILBREAK? WHERE WERE YOU?

SHH...



WATCH YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, STEVE... I WAS AROUND... BUT YOU KNOW HOW COPS ARE... KEEP SHOVIN' YOU ALL THE TIME. AW, IT WASN'T SUCH A HOT YARN AT THAT... JUST THE RAY AGAIN!



# WINGS WENDALL

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL



WITH WAR RAGING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THE UNITED STATES STRENGTHENS ITS DEFENSES AND ISSUES A WARNING CHALLENGE TO AGGRESSORS.



ON A LONELY CARIBBEAN ISLAND A VITAL AIR-BASE IS BEING CONSTRUCTED.



AMONG THE WORKMEN ARE WINGS WENDALL AND HIS FLYING COMPANION, SPINNER BENSON..

I DON'T MIND BEING UP TO MY NECK IN AIRPLANE GREASE.. BUT WHY THIS PICK AND SHOVEL ACT?



WELL, SPINNER, IT SEEMS THERE ARE BAD LITTLE BOYS WHO ARE THROWING WRENCHES INTO UNCLE SAM'S WORK HERE ..AND I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW WE'RE FROM ARMY ESPIONAGE!



SUDDENLY THE AIR IS FILLED WITH BOMBS AND FLYING DEBRIS..

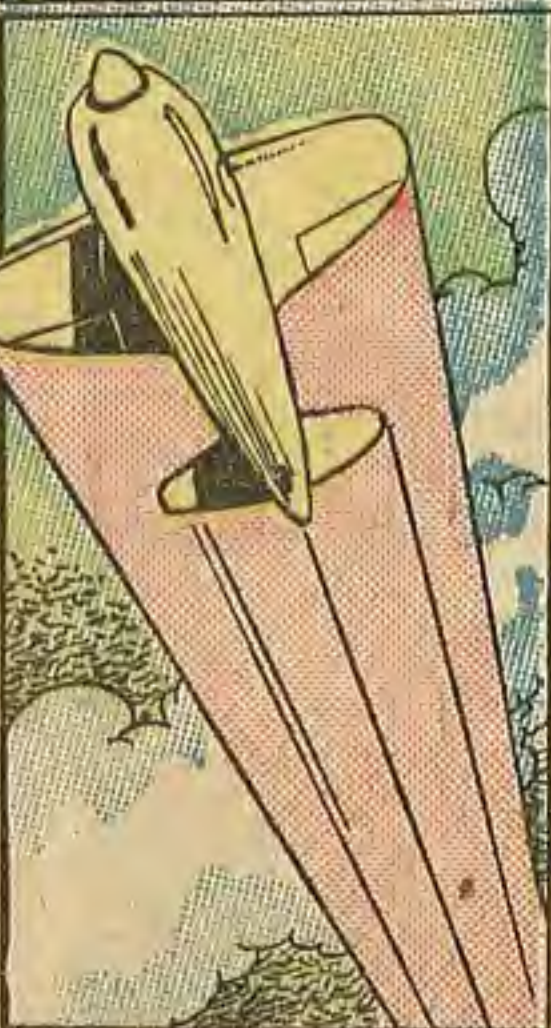


WINGS ACTS.. DASHING TO A CONCEALED HANGAR, HE ROLLS OUT HIS BULLET PLANE



TURN HER OVER! THE CHIEF HAD A HUNCH SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

A BLINDING BURST OF SPEED AND THE BULLET PLANE IS IN THE AIR..



CLIMBING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, HE INTERCEPTS A BOMBING SQUADRON..



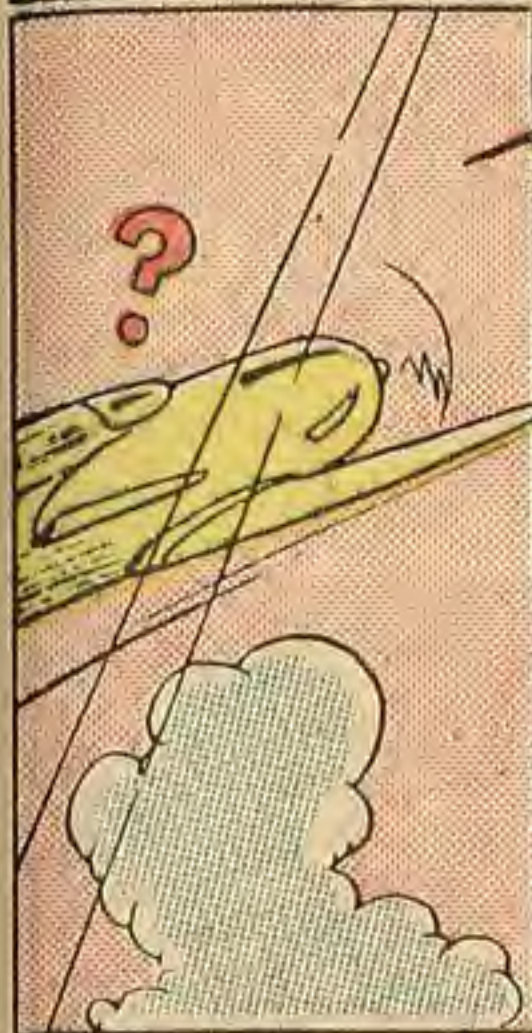
WHAT TH'? THOSE ARE AMERICAN SHIPS DROPPING THOSE EGGS!

HEY! ARE YOU BIRDS CRAZY?! THAT'S AN AIR-BASE DOWN THERE.. NOT A BOMBING RANGE!





MACHINE GUN SLUGS  
ZIP PAST THE  
BULLET PLANE  
IN REPLY!

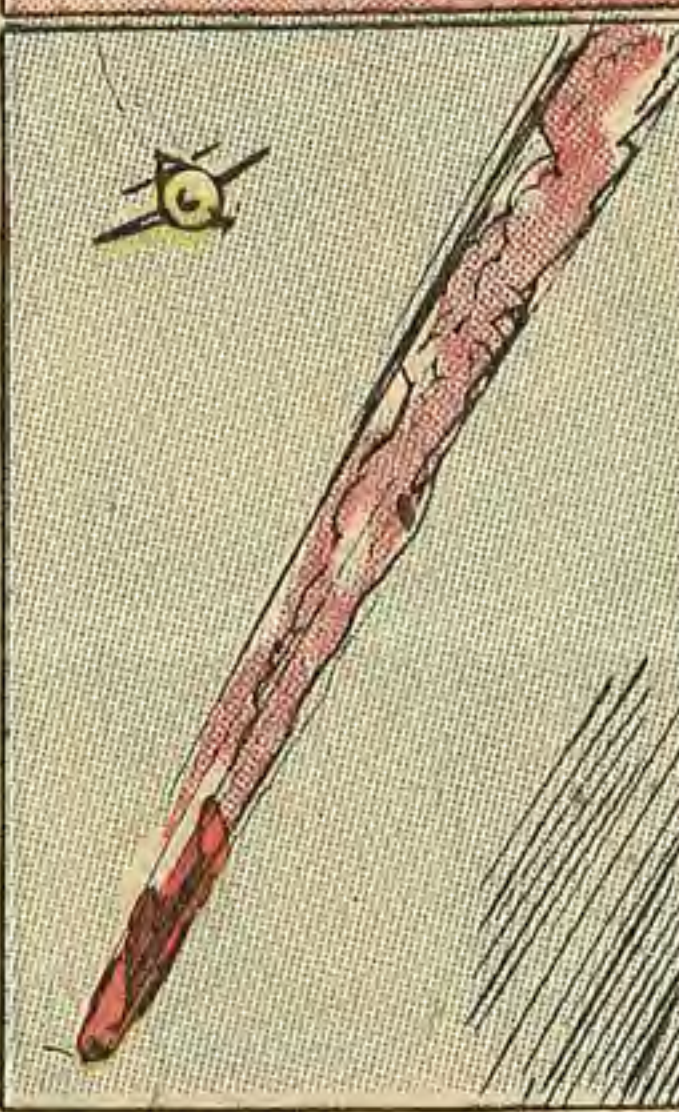


A TIGHT VERTICAL BANK  
PUTS WINGS ON AN OPPONENT'S  
TAIL...

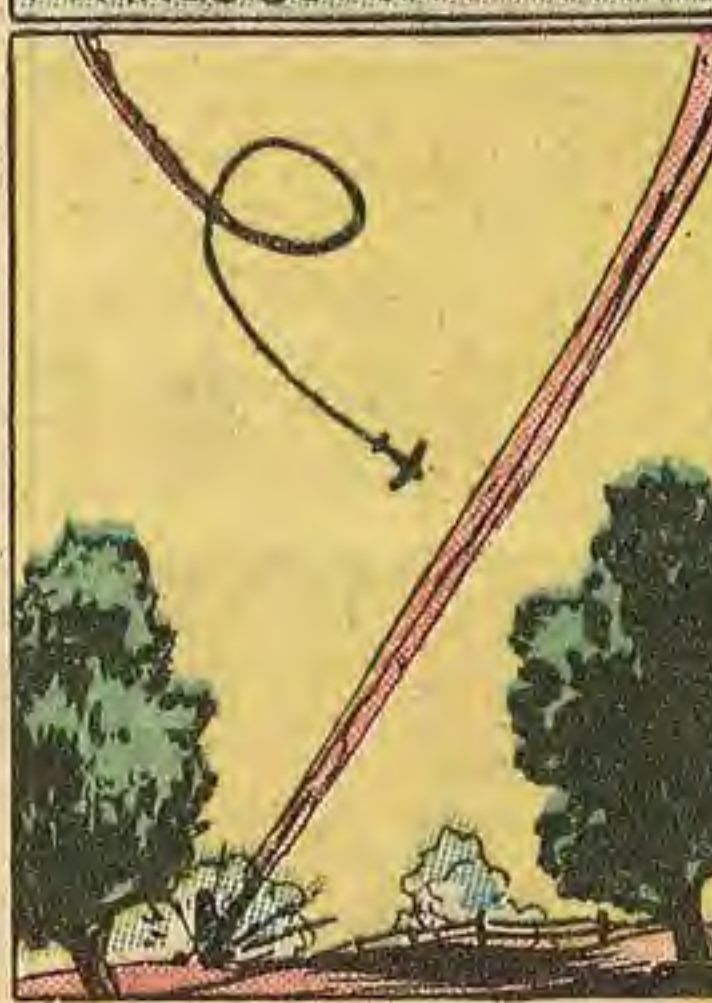


HAVE SOME  
REAL AMERICAN  
LEAD, PHONEY.. WITH  
MY COMPLIMENTS!

RAKED FROM PROP TO  
RUDDER, THE SHIP  
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



FLASHING THROUGH A  
SERIES OF AMAZING  
TWISTS, WINGS BLASTS  
TWO MORE OF THE  
PLANES OUT OF THE AIR..



A RECKLESS ATTACKER  
SWOOPS DOWN ON THE  
BULLET PLANE..



THAT YANKEE  
FLYER'S PLENTY  
HOT.. BUT HE WON'T  
SHAKE ME OFF  
HIS TAIL!

BUT SPINNER SQUEEZES  
THE TRIGGER OF A  
CUNNINGLY-PLACED REAR  
GUN..



AIN'T **YOU**  
GONNA BE  
SURPRISED!

BRRT-  
BRRT-  
BRRT

THE ENEMY PILOT PAYS  
FOR HIS MISTAKE..



**GAAA!**  
REAR.. GUN.. I  
DIDN'T... THINK..  
UGHH!

THE REST OF  
THEM ARE  
DOGGIN' IT...!



SHUCKS, WINGS!  
AN' I WAS JUST  
GETTIN' WARMED  
UP!

ZIG-ZAGGING OVER BOMB-  
TORN TERRAIN, WINGS BRINGS  
THE FASTEST THING IN THE AIR  
TO A 3-POINT LANDING ...



I'LL SET  
HER DOWN ON A  
DIME.. AND GET  
A NICKLE CHANGE!

THEY EXAMINE ONE OF THE  
WRECKED PLANES..



AN EXACT  
DUPLICATE  
OF AN AMERICAN  
SHIP!

THAT MEANS  
THEY CAN FLY  
OVER ANY  
U.S. MILITARY  
BASE WITHOUT  
SUSPICION!

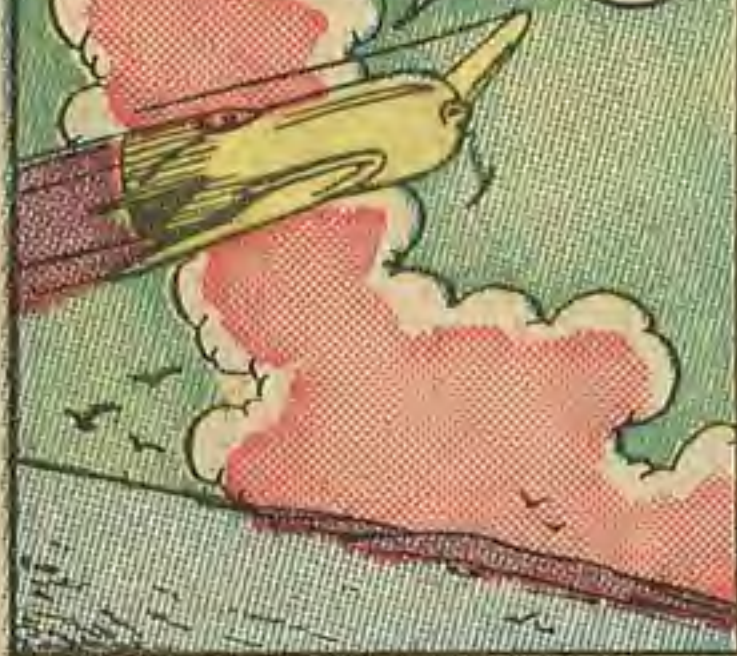
SPINNER, WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND THEIR  
BASE AND DESTROY  
THEM!





THE NEXT DAY WINGS AND SPINNER ARE IN THE AIR SEARCHING FOR MORE ENEMY PLANES..

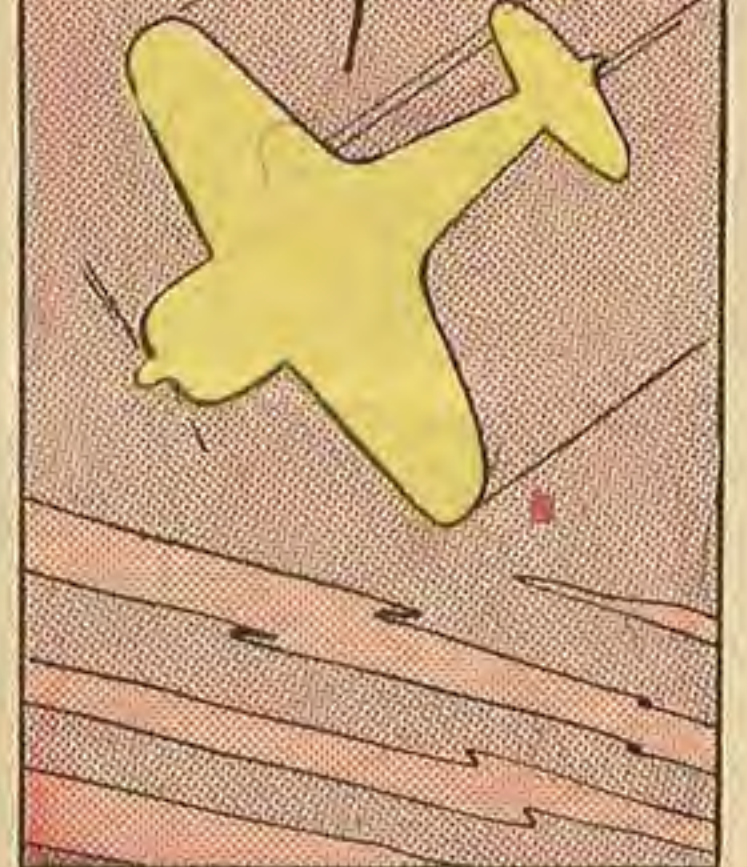
THERE'S AN ISLAND DOWN THERE..GET BUSY WITH THOSE GLASSES!



WINGS! THAT VILLAGE BELOW.. LOOK!



A WINDSOCK! YOU'RE RIGHT..MUST BE A LANDING FIELD!



WE'LL GIVE OURSELVES AWAY IF WE LAND..I'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT!

I'LL COME BACK LATER..IN CASE YOUR ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG DOESN'T WORK!



MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND..

I'M JITTERY, CHIEF, THAT PILOT IS WISE.. HE MAY BE HUNTING US!

HA! YOU FOOL! DO YOU THINK HE'LL FLOAT RIGHT DOWN OUT OF THE SKY?



RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! AND THE LADY GETS A CIGAR!



HA! I COULD SHOOT YOU LIKE A CLAY PIGEON NOW!

YOU SURE COULD, LADY!



SO, YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT US..WELL, YOU FAIL.. FOR I'M LEAVING NOW TO BLOW UP YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BASE, THE PANAMA CANAL!



WHILE MY PLANES DECOY THE CANAL DEFENSE, I WILL SNEAK INTO THE LOCKS IN AN EXPLOSIVE-FILLED SUBMARINE.. YOU MAY THINK OF IT WHILE YOU HANG THERE LIKE A GOOSE!



THEY'RE GONE! HEY! THAT MATCH SHE DROPPED IS STARTING TO BURN THAT DRY FLOOR! HOW'LL I...





THE BURNING FLOOR SOON SENDS FLAMES LICKING AT WINGS' FEET!



FRANTICALLY PULLING HIMSELF UP THE CHUTE LINES, WENDALL IS SOON ON THE ROOF.



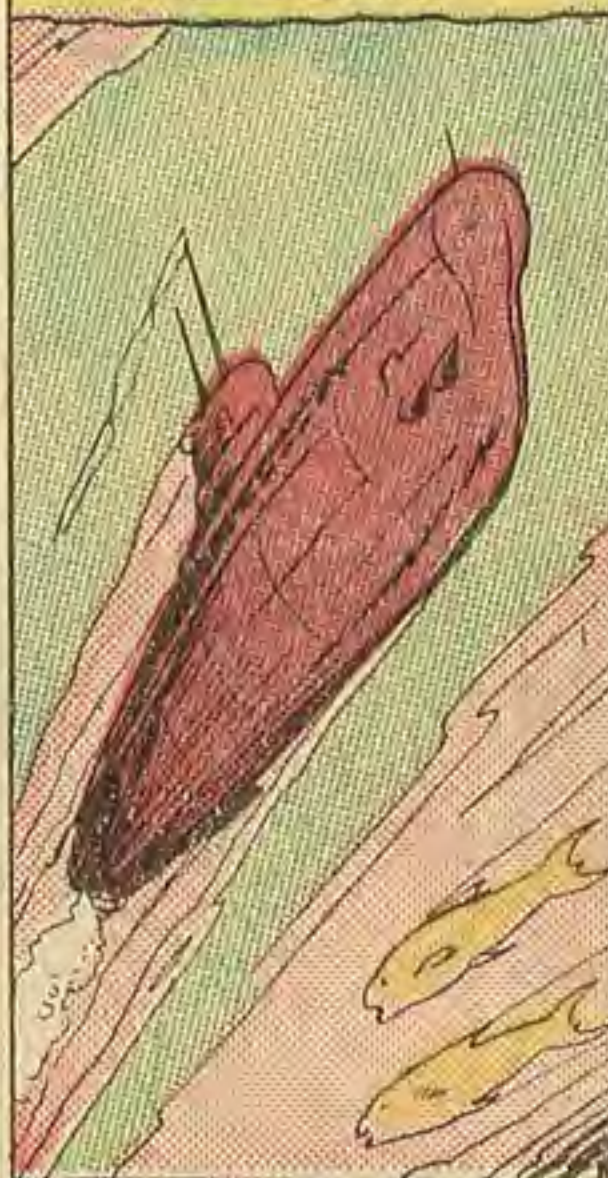
MINUTES LATER THE BULLET PLANE LANDS.



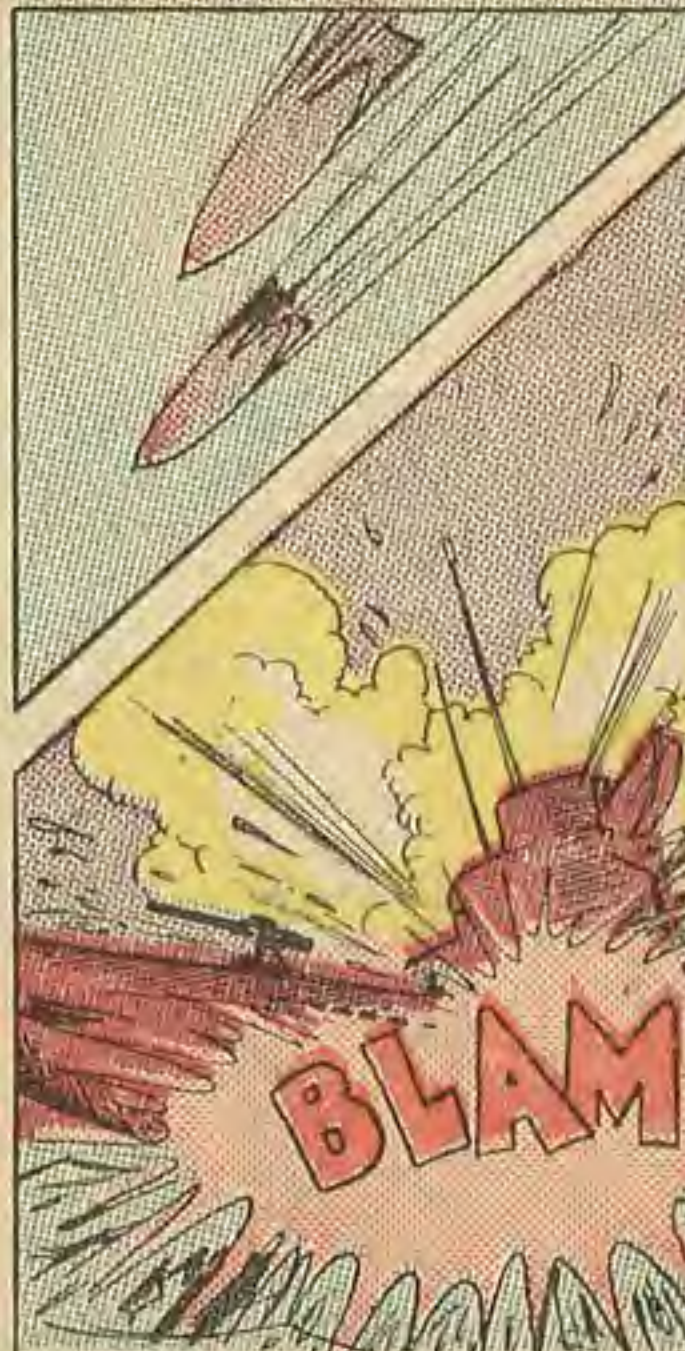
WITH THROTTLE OPEN, THE BULLET PLANE STREAKS FOR PANAMA



MEANWHILE BENEATH THE SEA...



THERE GOES THE CANAL AIR FLEET... THEY MUST HAVE SIGHTED THOSE DECOY SHIPS.. LOOK! SUBMARINE BELOW!





# Archie by BUD THOMAS

## O'TOOLE

ARCHIE IS PERSONALLY GOING TO CARRY THE CROWN JEWELS OF PYROMANIA TO AMERICA TO BE PUT ON EXHIBITION..

THE CROWN JEWELS WILL ARRIVE SAFELY IN AMERICA. I'LL SEE TO IT!

### ARCHIE LEAVES PORT

RAH! RAH! BON VOYAGE KING O'TOOLE!

BYE!

THE SHIP IS OUT TO SEA NO LONGER THAN A FEW HOURS, WHEN.....

### HE OBSERVES A FAIR PASSENGER.

ER.. EXCUSE ME, YOU DROPPED YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!

OH, EET IS SO NICE OF YOU. YOU ARE A REAL GENTLEMAN.

AH SHUX!

MY CABIN IS BUT A FEW DOORS AWAY.. WILL YOU JOIN ME IN A FRUIT DRINK?

### LATER IN THE LADY'S CABIN.

JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, WHILE I MIX YOU A DRINK.

THANK YOU!

### MEANWHILE MADAME LA ZONGA SLIPS A POWERFUL DRUG INTO ARCHIE'S DRINK.

HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH!

GLUG GLUG

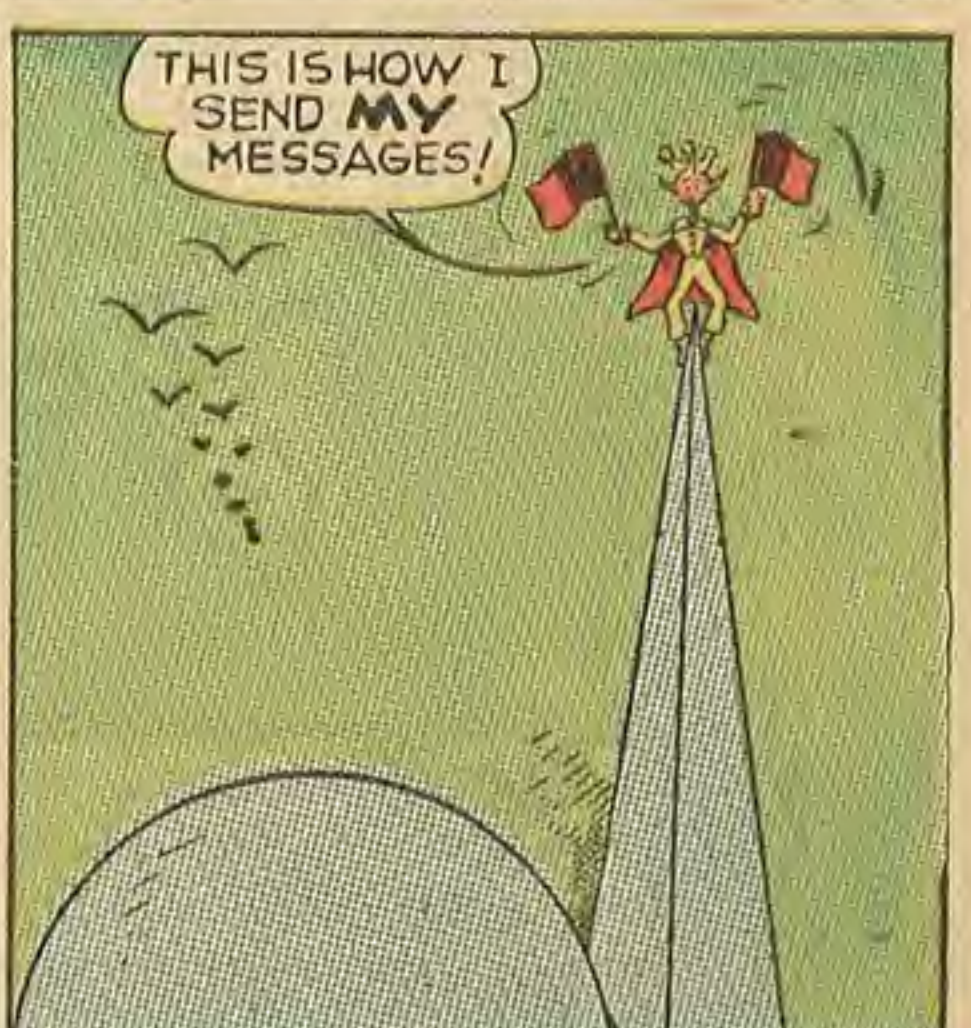
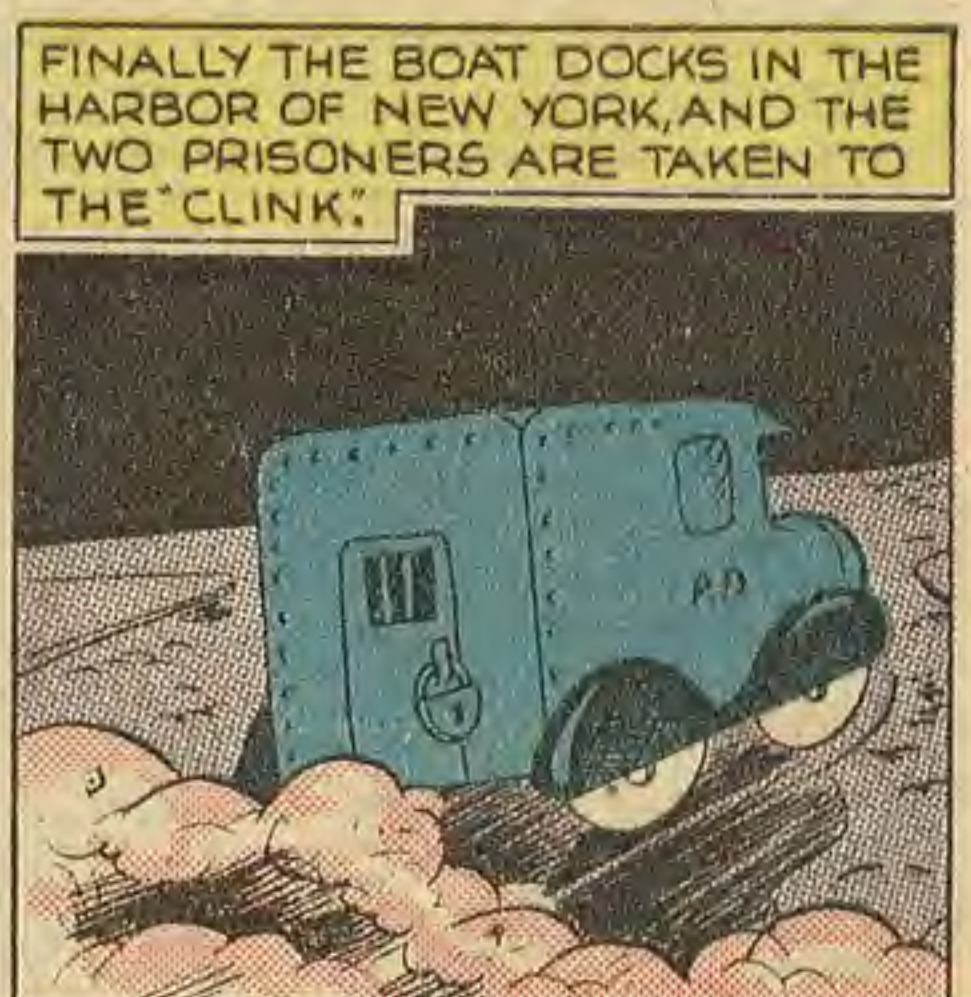
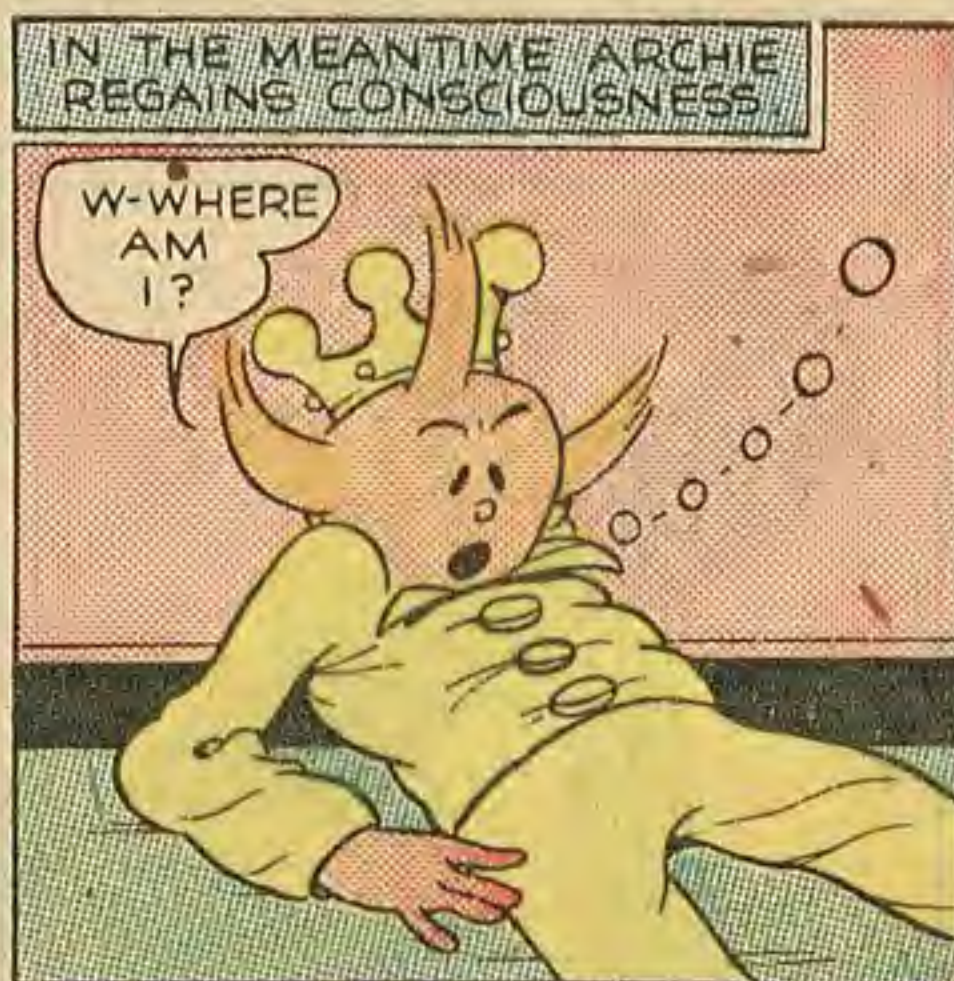
YOU SAP!

### IN A FEW SECONDS ARCHIE IS OUT LIKE A REJECTED SUITOR'S GIRL FRIEND.

COME IN, BARON WASTE, THE "FISH" IS RESTING PEACEFULLY.

DOT ISS GOOT!









# THE SCARLET SEAL

by  
DUANE  
BYRD  
MONROE

LIEUTENANT BARRY MOORE OF THE POLICE IS ALSO THAT MYSTERIOUS CHINAMAN KNOWN ONLY AS THE **SCARLET SEAL**, NEMESIS OF ALL GANGDOM TO BARRY'S FATHER, CAPTAIN MOORE, IS GIVEN THE TASK OF CATCHING THE **SCARLET SEAL**!

IN CHINATOWN, YET SING GUARDS A GREAT TREASURE



WHILE A STEALTHY EVIL FIGURE STEALS TOWARD HIM



-AND 20 MINUTES LATER



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

JUST CAME IN BY PHONE, BARRY! THE **SCARLET SEAL'S** PULLED A NEW ONE!



WHAT'S THAT, DAD?

YES, AND AS **USUAL**, WE'RE **HOOKED** WITH THE **CASE**!



THIS IS **BAD**! SOMEBODY'S **IMPERSONATING** ME!

WELL, **HERE'S** WHERE THE BEATING AND ROBBERY WERE PULLED OFF!



ARE YOU **SURE** THE **SCARLET SEAL** DID THIS?

LOOK! ON MY FOREHEAD HE LEFT HIS **SEAL**!



INSIDE THE ON SING TONG HOUSE, WITH INJURED YET SING

THAT'S **NOT** MY SEAL! THE **INSIDE BAR** IS **BACKWARD**! BUT I CAN'T TELL **DAD** THAT!

IT WAS THE SEAL ALL RIGHT!





AS POLICE COMMISSIONER, I ORDER THE **ENTIRE FORCE** TO HUNT THE **SCARLET SEAL**, AND BRING HIM IN, **DEAD OR ALIVE!** BUT, **NO VIOLENCE!**

I'LL **HAVE** TO CAPTURE THIS **BOGUS SEAL!**

OK, CHIEF!

LATER, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THAT NIGHT, BARRY GOES TO HIS PRIVATE LABORATORY

THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR—

—INTO HIS LOFT BUILDING, WHERE HE BECOMES THE **SCARLET SEAL**—

— THEN THROUGH HIS EXIT TO ANOTHER NEW STREET

ON SING TONG HOUSE!

**SCARLET SEAL!** YOU DARE COME HERE?

HEAR ME FIRST, OH MANCHU SING MY BROTHER!

IT WAS **NOT I** WHO ROBBED YET SING! TAKE ME TO HIM, AND I CAN **PROVE IT!**

IT SHALL BE SO

**LOOK! MY SEAL!** DOES IT **MATCH** THE ONE ON YET SING?

**NO!** FORGIVE ME FOR MY DOUBTS OH **SCARLET SEAL!**

BUT **WHO** COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

THE ONLY **LIVING CRIMINAL** WHO HAS SEEN ME IS **SHIV NAGOL**. I HAVE A **PLAN!** LISTEN!

HALF AN HOUR LATER  
YOUR PLAN HAS WISDOM OH **SCARLET SEAL!**

SHALL WE GO NOW TO GET THE HELP OF **HIP LEONG TONG?**

SURELY, **SCARLET SEAL!** TO TRAP THIS IMPERSONATOR OF OUR BROTHER WE WILL DO OUR PART!

WHAT IS THAT?

COME IN HERE, **SNOW EPOD!**

LEMME 'LONE!







YES **NAGOL**, IT WAS **I** WHO CALLED YOU, AND I DO **NOT** DEAL **GENTLY** WITH IMPOSTERS!



SAY, SCARLET SEAL, I DIDN'T-

**SILENCE!** I TAKE YOU TO MY SECRET QUARTERS, **THEN** I'LL DECIDE HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU! **COME!**



LATER, IN BARRY'S LOFT

NOW, **WHERE** IS THE WEALTH YOU TOOK FROM THE **ON SING TONG**!



WOULDN'T **I** BE A SUCKER TO **TELL** YOU!

YOU'LL BE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE IF YOU **DON'T**!

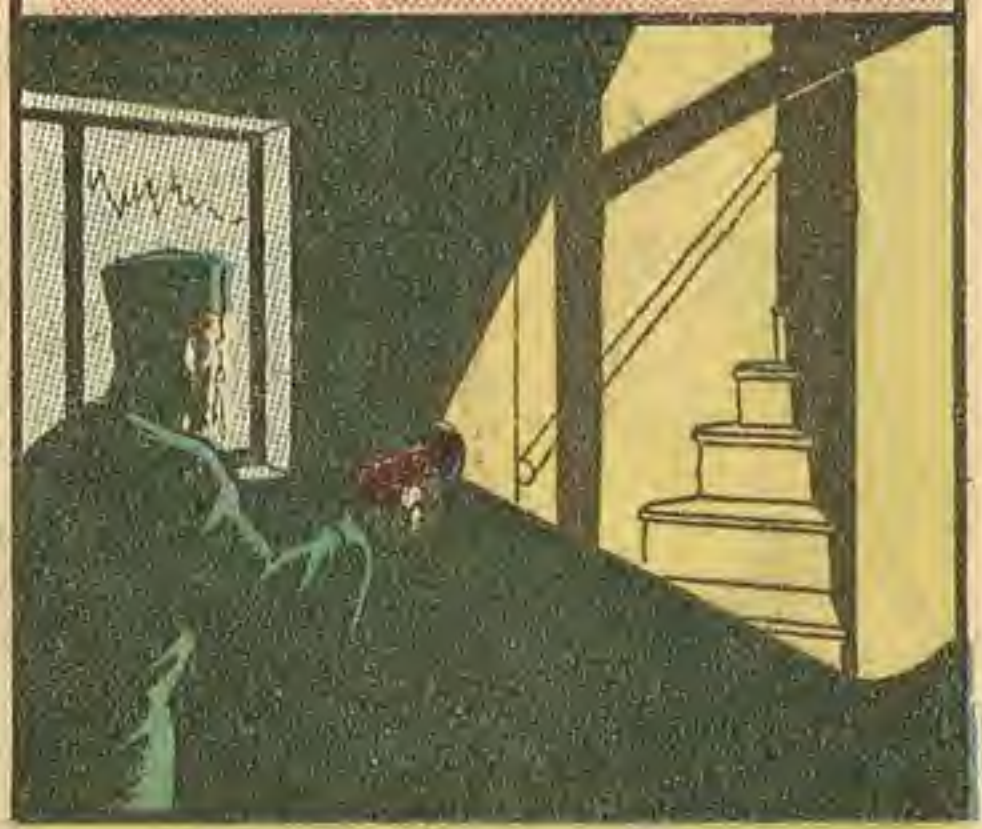


OW-W-W I'LL TELL YUH!

IT'S IN DE OLD WAREHOUSE ON DOCK STREET. YOU GO UPSTAIRS-



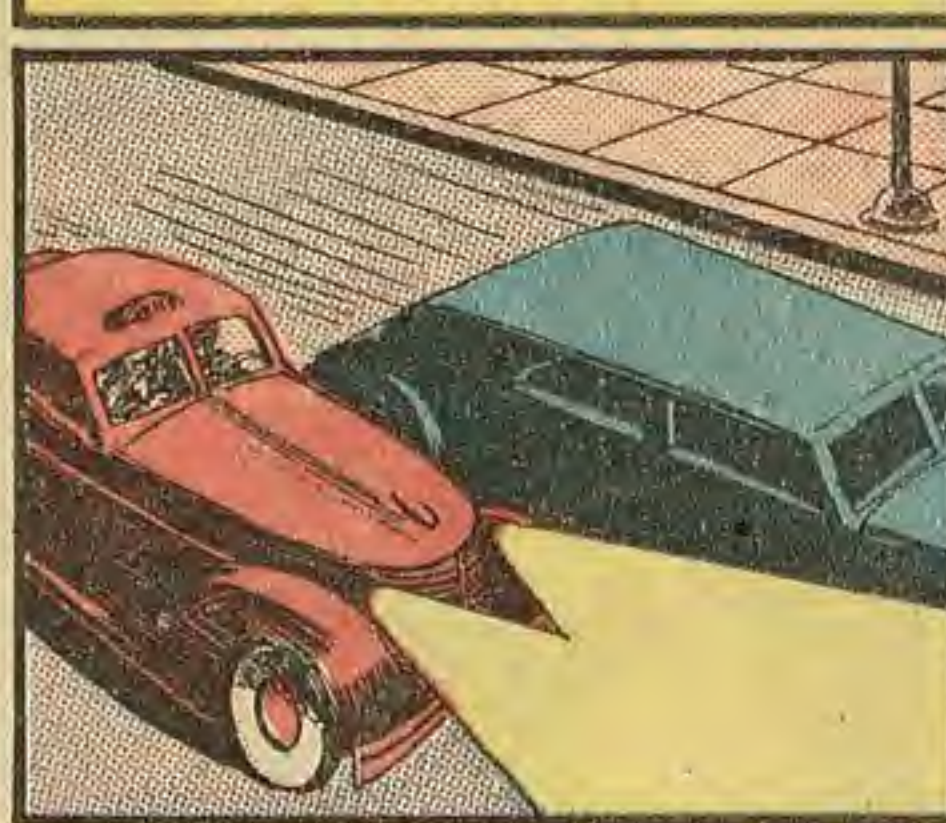
LATER IN THE OLD WAREHOUSE -



HE TOLD THE TRUTH! HERE IS THE LOOT UNDER THIS BOARD!



RETURNING, BARRY IS SEEN BY THE POLICE!



SCARLET SEAL! AFTER HIM!



THE CHASE LEADS THE POLICE AWAY FROM BARRY'S SECRET LOFT!



I **THINK** HE WENT **THAT** WAY!

15 MINUTES LATER -

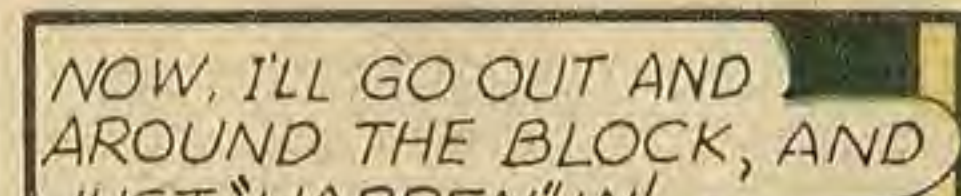
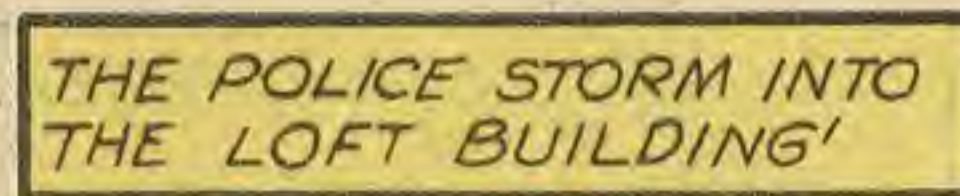
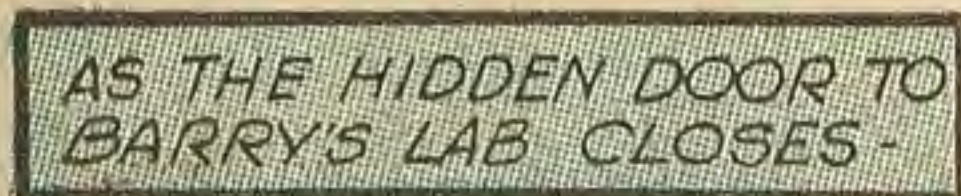
I **THINK** I SHOOK THEM OFF. IF I CAN GET TO MY LABORATORY!



THERE HE IS! GOING IN THAT **BUILDING**!









# MIDNIGHT

RADIO ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK STUMBLES UPON A GAME OF ORPHANS AND GRAFT, AND ONLY AS THE EERIE MIDNIGHT, OUTLAW FRIEND OF THE NEEDY IS HE ABLE TO BRING ABOUT JUSTICE

by Jack Cole

THIS IS DAVE CLARK... SPEAKING TO YOU FROM MILLVILLE, SCENE OF THE NATIONAL SOAP-BOX DERBY! A TREMENDOUS CROWD WATCHES AS THE YOUNG CONTESTANTS LINE UP!



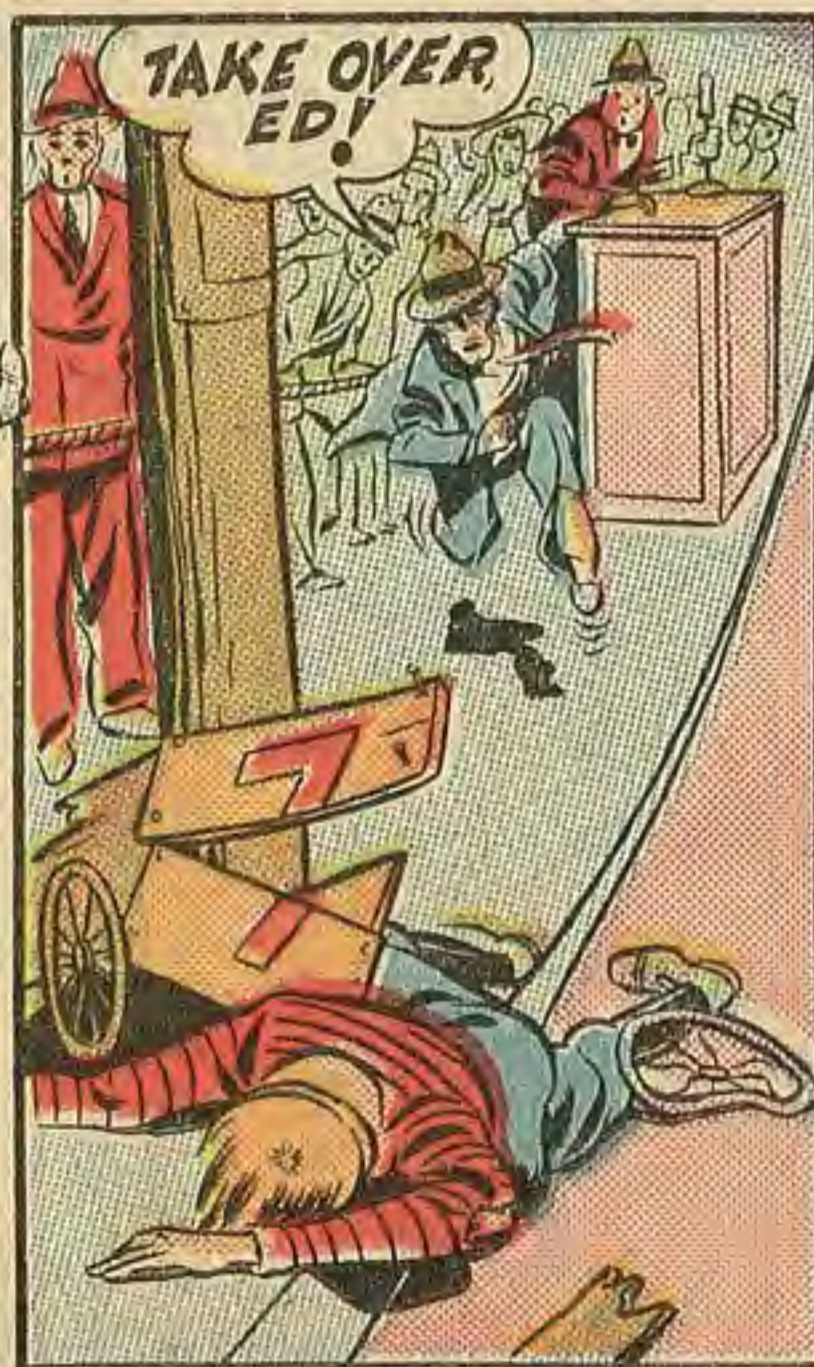
THEY'RE OFF!!  
NUMBER SEVEN SCOOT'S INTO THE LEAD!



YESSIR, LOCAL ENTRY BOBBY BRANT IS FAR OUT IN FRONT— BUT WAIT!— HE'S LOST CONTROL! HE'S GOING TO—



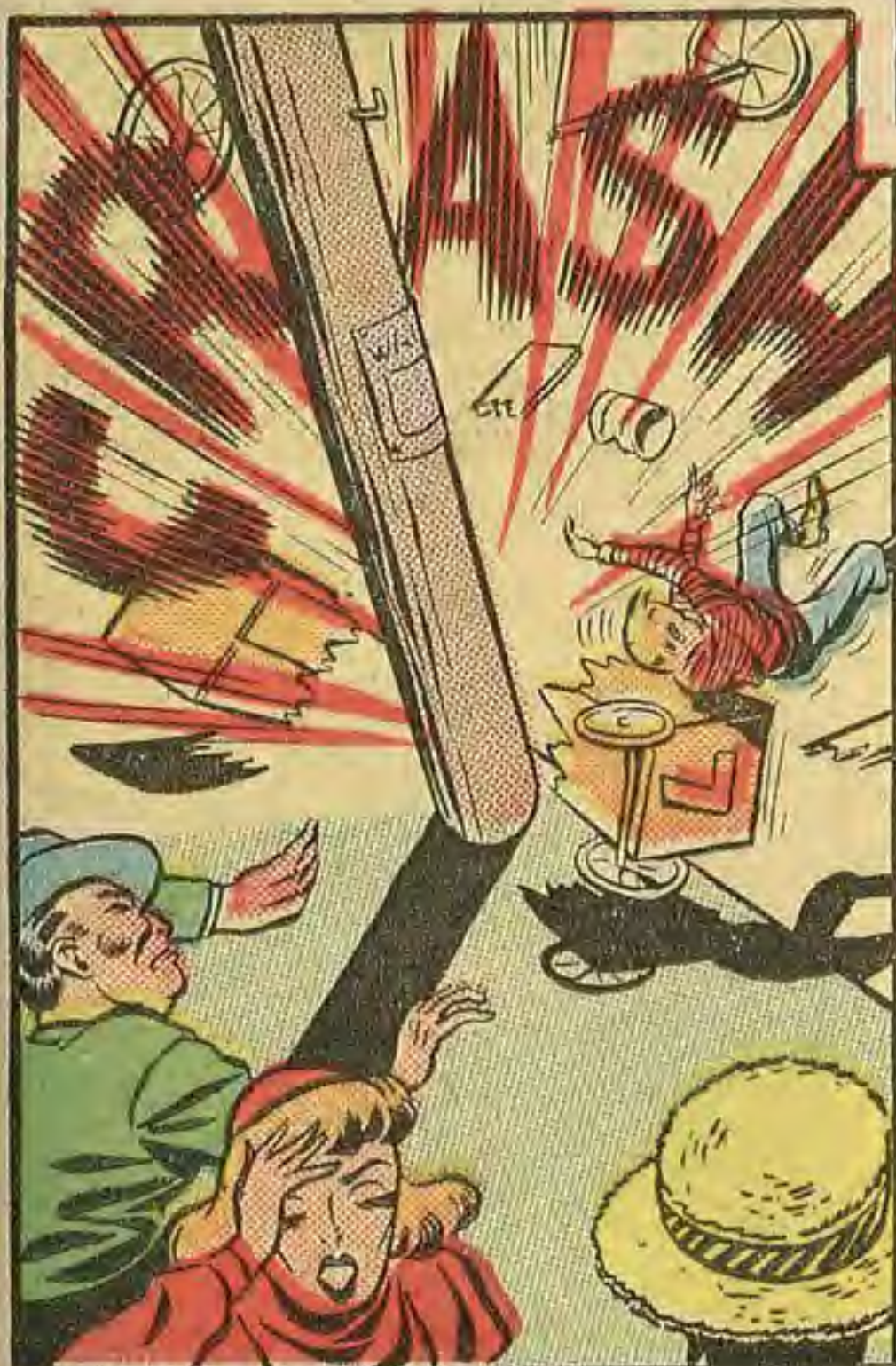
TAKE OVER, ED!



BOBBY IT'S US— YOUR PALS!

GOSH! M-MEBBE HE— HE'S DEAD!

POOR BOBBY!







THAT EVENING, AT THE CITY COUNCIL MEETING







AHH—MIDNIGHT!  
ONE LASH FOR  
EACH STROKE OF  
THE CHIMES!



**DROP THAT,  
DEVIL!**



REMEMBER  
THE GOLDEN  
RULE?

TEE-HEE!  
LOOKIT OLE  
DOBB'S SQUIRM!

DON'T HIT  
ME!—OUCH!  
PLEASE



ACCORDING TO CITY COUNCIL  
YOU GET \$250,000 A YEAR  
OPERATING EXPENSES!  
NOW REACH DOWN IN YOUR  
JEANS AND COUGH UP  
THE DOUGH YOU'VE  
BEEN POCKETING!

IT'S IN MY  
SAFE—ALL  
OF IT!



BUT I'M NOT ALONE IN  
THIS!—THOSE RATTY  
COUNCILMEN GET THE  
REAL SUGAR—AND  
I TAKE THE RAP!

THANKS,  
PUNK! NOW  
MAKE  
TRACKS!



GEE, MISTER MIDNIGHT,  
YOU'RE SWELL!—OLD  
MAN DOBB'S IS THE  
MEANEST GUY ON  
EARTH!

WANT SOME  
LICORICE?

KIN I HAVE  
YOUR  
AUTEEGRAPH?



WHOAH! IF YOU  
FELLAHS REALLY  
WANT TO HELP,  
HERE'S WHAT  
YOU CAN DO—

JUST  
NAME  
IT!



OH BOY!  
WILL WE  
DO IT!!

LET'S  
GO!

QUIT  
SHOVIN'!



BACK TO THE  
COUNCIL MEETING—  
IF THEY'RE STILL  
IN SESSION!



JUST GOT A CALL  
FROM DOBB'S! HE'S  
RAVING MAD—  
SQUEALED ON US  
TO THAT MIDNIGHT  
PERSON!!

WELL,  
WE'RE  
READY!  
LET HIM  
COME!





MIDNIGHT DODGES OUT THE NEAREST EXIT AND YELLS

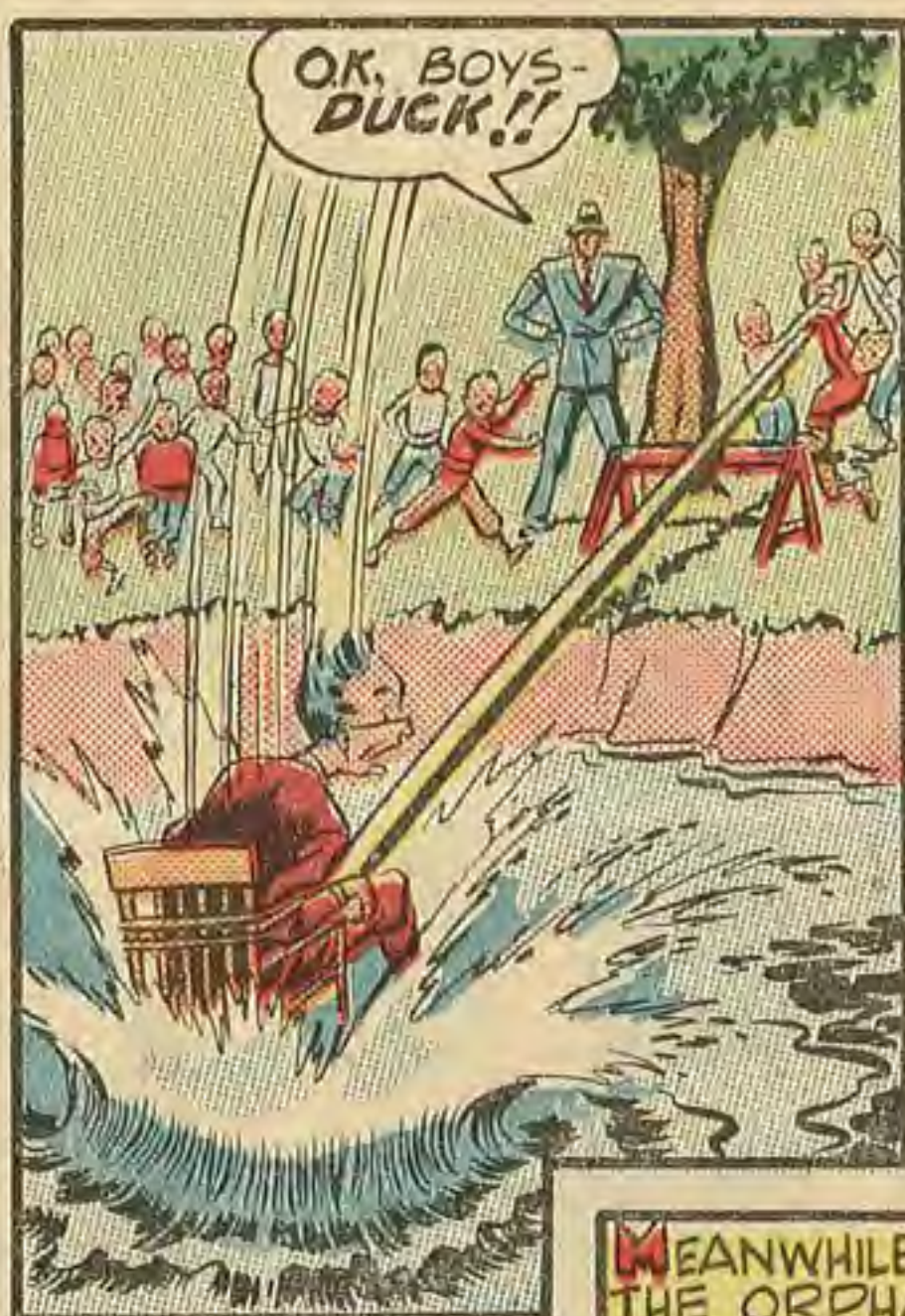


WHEN AS THE MEN EMERGE BLINDED, MIDNIGHT KNOCKS THEM OUT SINGLY



ALL SET, FELLAHS?





MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE ORPHANAGE -





# The PURPLE TRIO

by  
S.M.  
Regi

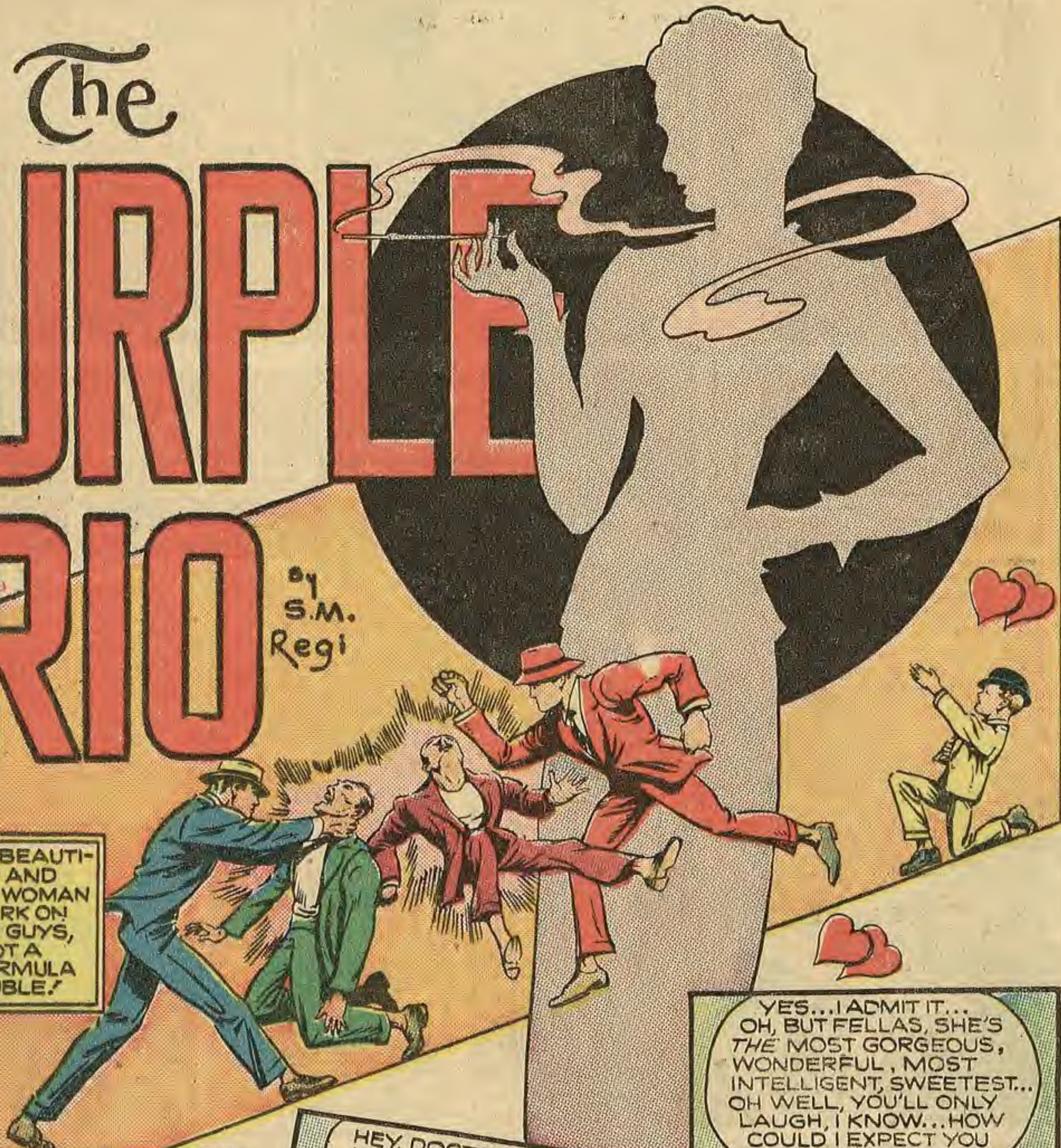
WHEN ONE BEAUTIFUL, CLEVER AND MYSTERIOUS WOMAN GOES TO WORK ON THREE WISE GUYS, YOU'VE GOT A PERFECT FORMULA FOR TROUBLE!

ROCKY AND WARREN FIND THEIR SMALL FRIEND TINY Musing ALONE ON THE CURB-STONE.

DON'T TELL ME HE'S THINKIN'!

HEY, DOCTOR, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS SICK PUP! IF I KNOW THE SYMPTOMS, IT'S LOVE!

YES...I ADMIT IT... OH, BUT FELLAS, SHE'S THE MOST GORGEOUS, WONDERFUL, MOST INTELLIGENT, SWEETEST... OH WELL, YOU'LL ONLY LAUGH, I KNOW...HOW COULD I EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND?





THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE THEATRE. . .

HE BEGGED US TO KEEP AWAY, BUT AFTER ALL HE'S OUR PAL. . . WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER HIM. . . WHEW, WHAT A DAME.

YEAH, WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM IN THE HANDS OF A STRANGE WOMAN.

HE'S SO YOUNG..SO INNOCENT.

YOU WILL HELP ME DEN, MINE LIEBCHEN? ANY-SING I ASK YOU TO DO, YES?

OF COURSE, MY PET.

HIS PET! HIS LITTLE TIGRESS! D'YA HEAR THAT ACCENT? THAT FEMME'S A MATA HARI...A SPY.. AND HE WOULD DO "ANY-SING" SHE ASKS, TOO!

COME ON UP, SMALL FRY. YOU NEED SOME FRESH AIR AND SOME PATERNAL ADVICE!

NOW, LISTEN TO PAPA...THAT FEMALE IS UP TO NO GOOD...SHE'S TRYING TO GET YOU MIXED UP IN FIFTH COLUMN STUFF.

YEAH, SHE'S JUST A DANGEROUS SPY...

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT THE MOST WONDERFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

TINY! OH, TINY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FRIENDS?

I HOPE HE HAS NOT HURT YOU.. NAUGHTY CHILD...SO QUICK HIS TEMPER..



ROCKY AND WARREN BEGIN TO FALL UNDER HER SPELL..



COME, WE WILL ALL MAKE UP.. DERE NOW...AND DEN I WILL ASK YOU ALL TO HELP ME.. FOR I AM SO VERY MUCH UNHAPPY.



MY HUSBAND IS AN AMERICAN, JOHN ALLEN. HE LIVES AT DE BLACK ARMS APARTMENT...HE HAS BEEN VERY CRUEL TO ME...OH, SO CRUEL...I WOULD LIKE YOU SHOULD KILL HIM FOR ME, PLEASE?



Y..YOU WOULD LIKE..

...WE SHOULD KILL HIM..

PLEASE?



WELL.. ER.. SORRY.. WE'RE BUSY TONIGHT. SOME OTHER TIME PERHAPS... HEH, HEH..



SO THAT'S YOUR MOST WONDERFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD?

NOT A SPY, JUST A MURDERESS!

AW, CUT IT... WILL YOU?!



SHE WASN'T FOOLING, EITHER... IF WE WON'T DO IT FOR HER, SOMEONE ELSE WILL... SHE GAVE US HIS ADDRESS. WE BETTER WARN THE GUY.



LATER..

..AND SO WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

COME IN, GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME..



SHE HAS MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE... I'M PREPARING TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY... IF YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ESCORT ME TO THE AIRPORT.

OF COURSE.



DON'T WORRY, NO ONE'LL TRY ANYTHING WHILE WE'RE WITH YOU.



AS THEY PASS A PARK TWO ARMED THUGS JUMP OUT OF THE BUSHES AND FALL UPON THEM... THE TRIO IGNORE THE GUNS AND BEGIN BATTLING....



THAT'S RIGHT, USE THE OLD LEFTO, ROCKY. CHOKER 'IM, WARREN... DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY... GIVE 'EM ALL YOU GOT!.. GO TO IT!



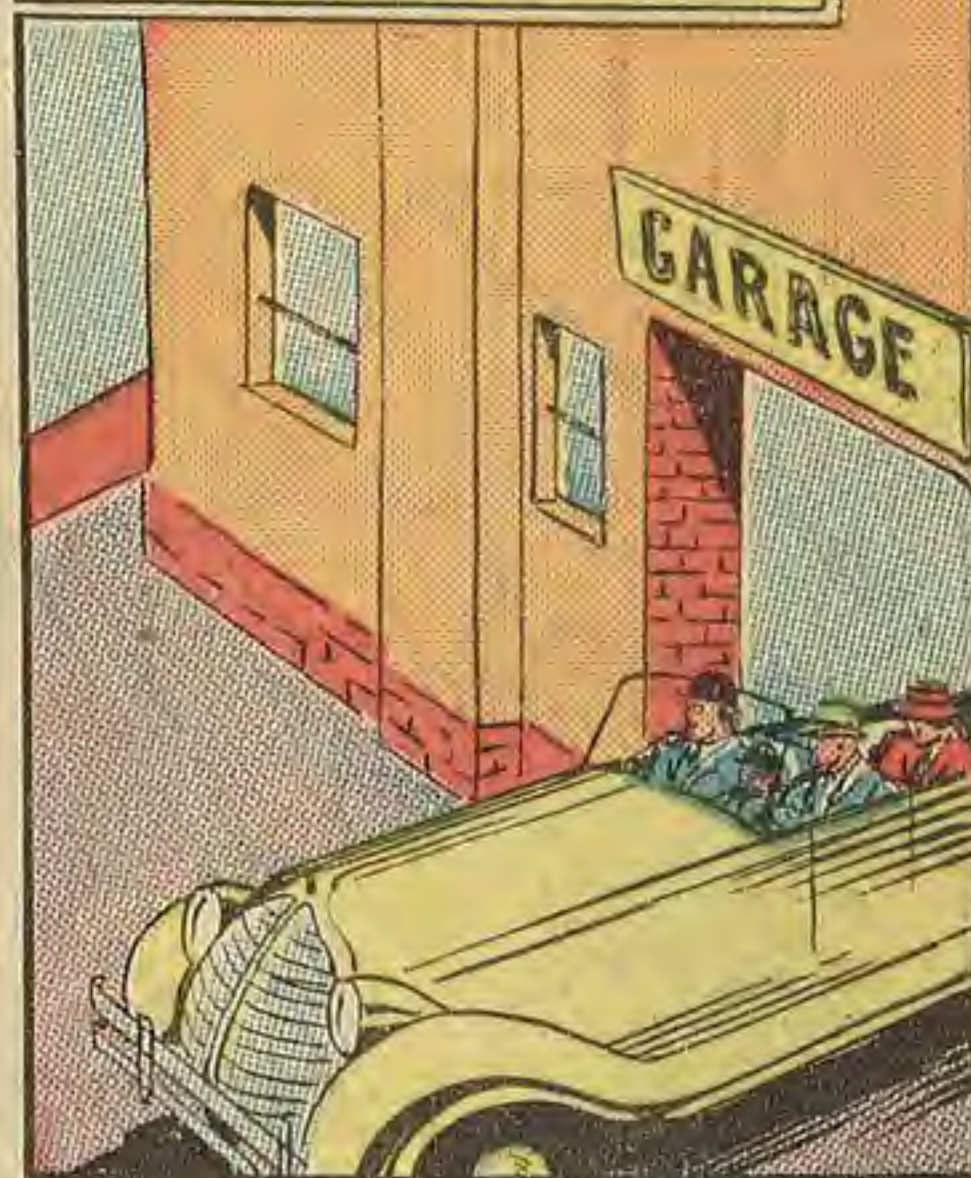
BOY! WE MADE WET RAGS OUT OF THESE BABIES... WE'LL JUST HANG 'EM UP TO DRY!



OFFICER, I JUST HAD A LITTLE RUN IN WITH A COUPLE OF HOODLUMS. YOU'LL FIND 'EM WHERE I LEFT 'EM... STUCK TO A FENCE!



IN ALLEN'S CAR THE TRIO PREPARE TO DRIVE TO THE AIRPORT..

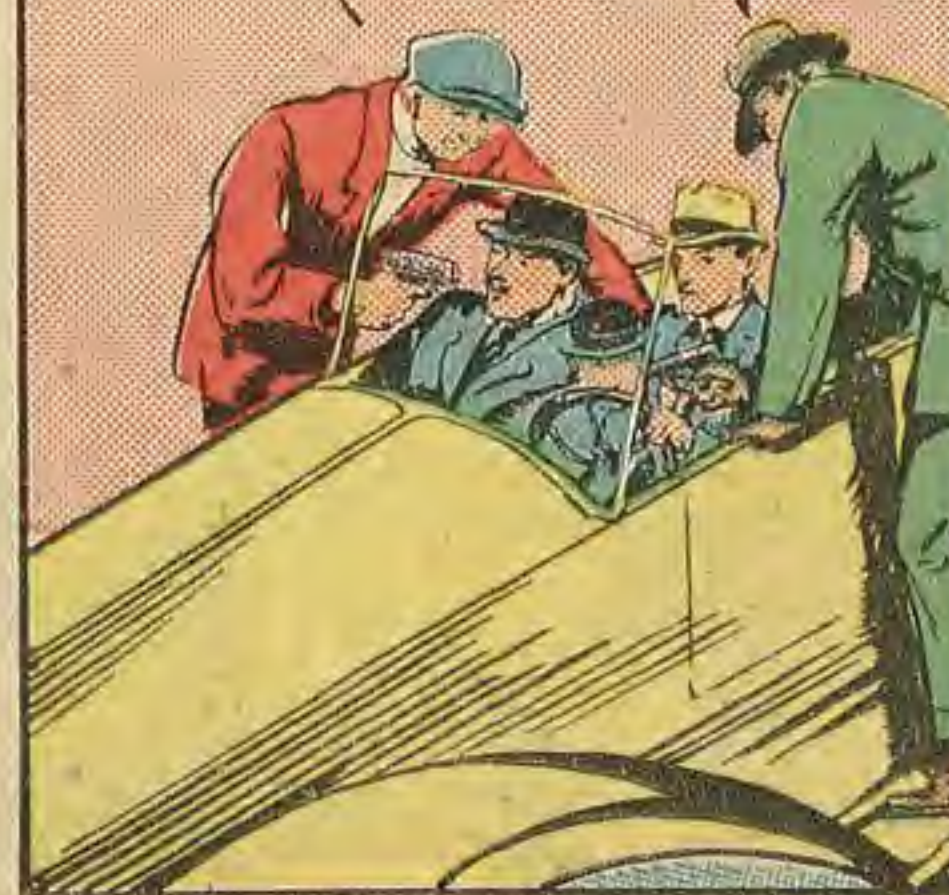


BUT OUT OF THE RUMBLE SEAT CREEP MORE MURDEROUS MENACES..



O.K, MR. JOHN ALLEN... YOU'RE STAYIN' RIGHT HERE IN THE U.S. ... BURIED UNDER IT!

AND YOU THREE MUGS IS STAYIN' WITH HIM!



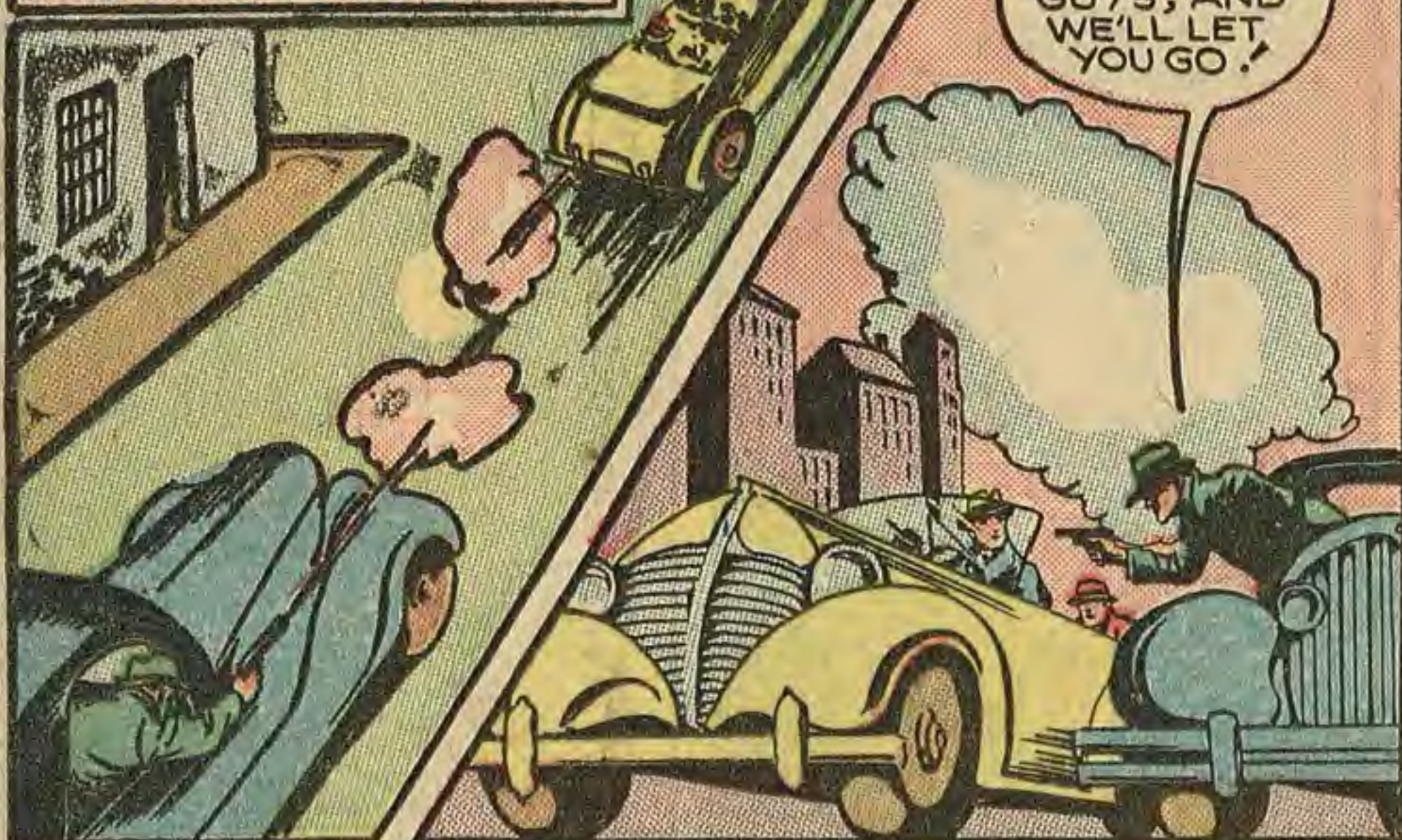
YEAH, WE'RE STAYIN' WITH HIM... MINUS YOUR COMPANY!







A WELL-AIMED SHOT RIPS A REAR TIRE... THE TRIO ARE FORCED TO HALT....



THIS TIME IT'S TINY WHO POPS UP LIKE AN ANGRY TERRIER AND CLINGS TO THE GUNMAN'S THROAT..



AT LONG LAST THEY REACH THE AIRPORT AND SEE ALLEN SAFELY TO HIS PLANE..









# ESPIONAGE

## STARRING BLACK X

By  
Will Erwin



STARTLING REPORTS REACH U.S. ESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS. A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS DEATHS HAVE OCCURRED IN THE RANKS OF DRAFTED RECRUITS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT ONE OF OUR BIGGEST TRAINING CAMPS.

### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

BLACK X, FAMOUS ESPIONAGE AGENT, IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON BY THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

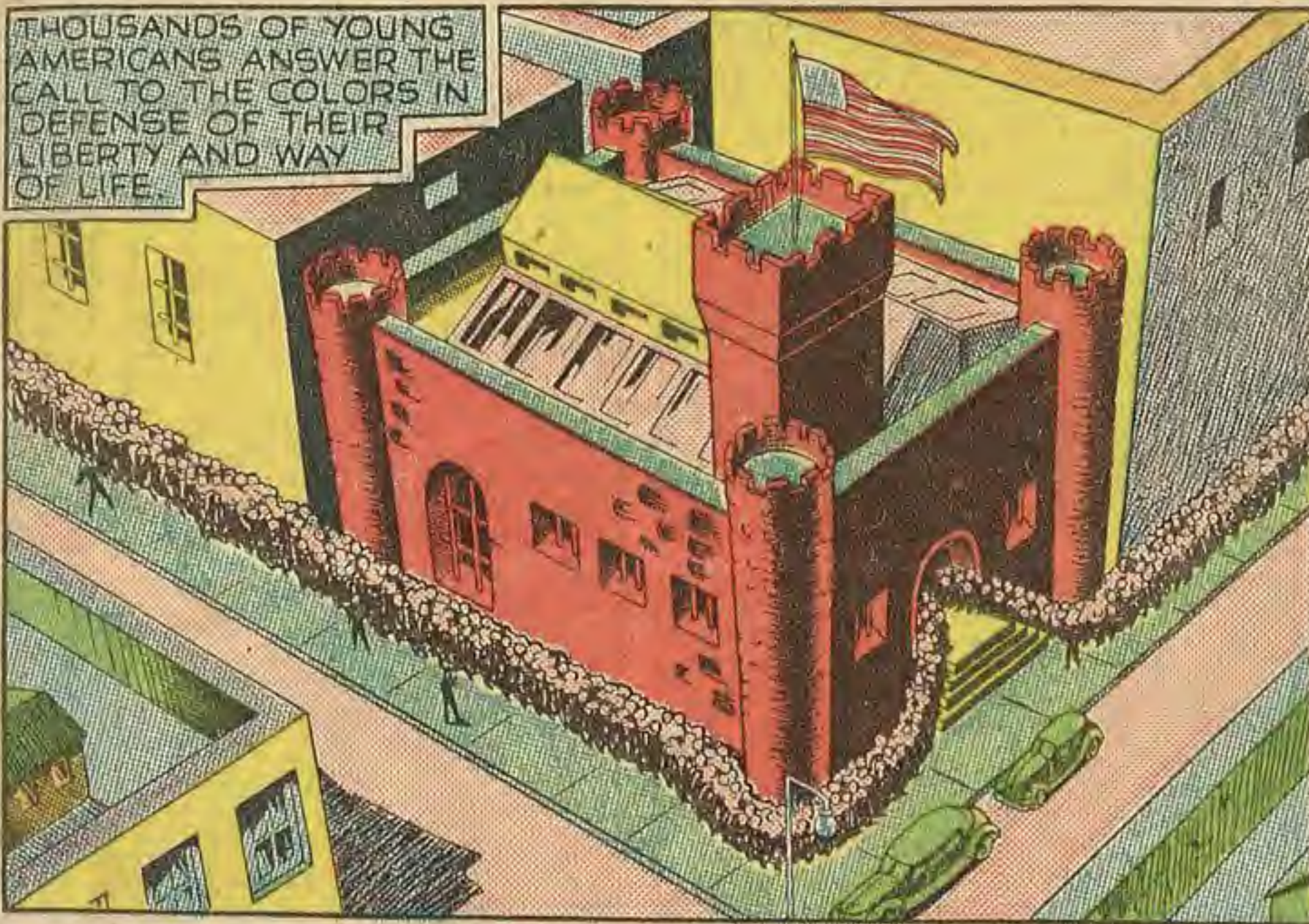
YOU ARE TO ENLIST AT THE ARMORY AS A RAW RECRUIT, BUT BE EXTREMELY CAUTIOUS ABOUT THE FOOD OR DRINKING WATER..WE CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE YOU!

O.K., CHIEF.





THOUSANDS OF YOUNG AMERICANS ANSWER THE CALL TO THE COLORS IN DEFENSE OF THEIR LIBERTY AND WAY OF LIFE.



AMONG THE NEW RECRUITS STANDS A FAMILIAR FIGURE.



EXCELLENT CONDITION. YOU'LL MAKE A FINE SOLDIER.



THAT NIGHT IN THE BARRACKS.



THE DOCTOR! HE HAS TO PASS THROUGH HERE TO GET TO HIS OFFICE... BUT WHY?



CAUTIOUSLY THE DOCTOR PROCEEDS DOWN THE ROWS OF SLEEPING MEN.



THIS FELLOW COULD STAND SOME WATCHING... I'D SAY HE WAS A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.



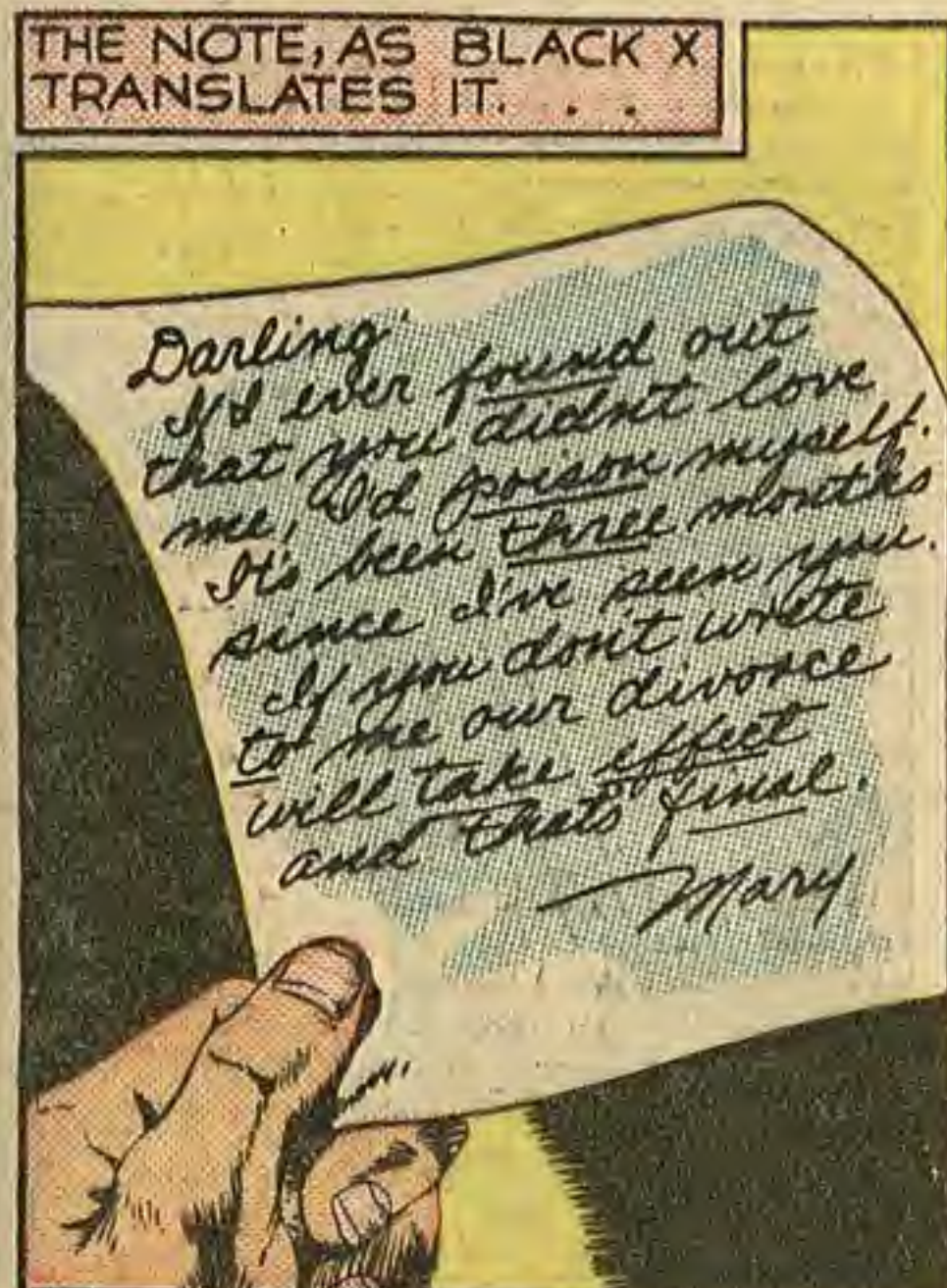
UNAWARE OF HIS FOLLOWER, THE DOCTOR QUIETLY ENTERS THE INFIRMARY.



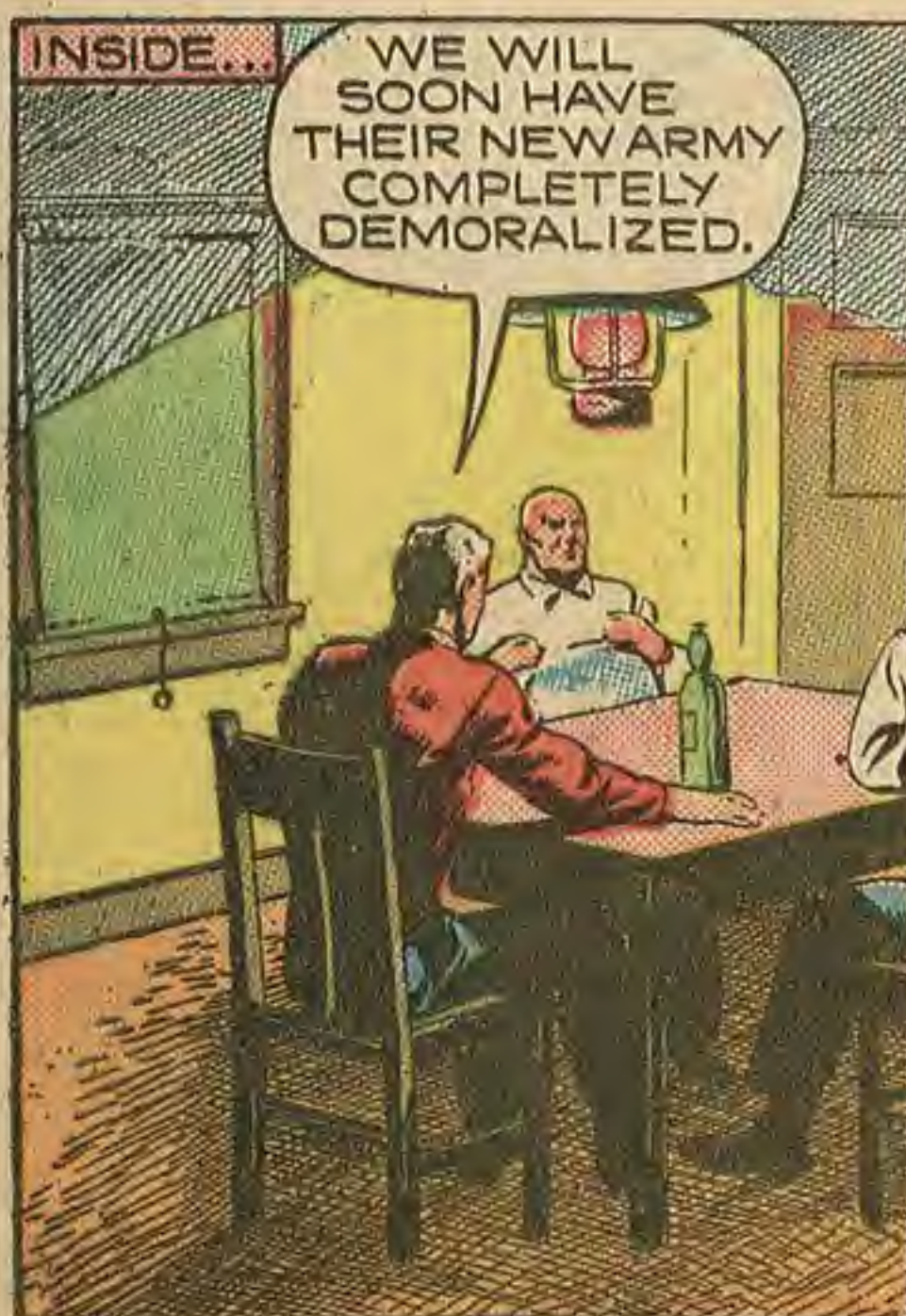














BUT BLACK X'S ATTACK IS SO FAST AND EXPLOSIVE THAT THE SPIES ARE CAUGHT IN A WHIRLWIND OF FISTS.!



SWIFT GUN-PLAY PROVES TOO MUCH FOR HIS ENEMIES.



WELL, THAT'S THAT!

OH, GOOD GOSH... BUT I'M STILL POISONED... AND THE WHOLE SQUAD TOO!



M..ME TOO! B..BUT I'LL WORK OUT AN ANTIDOTE .. I'VE GOT TO!

HOURS, DAYS, WEEKS PASS IN DESPERATE EXPERIMENTING, THREE MONTHS ARE ALMOST UP.



AT LAST...

THIS IS IT! BRING THE MEN IN..HURRY!

WHEW!



THANKS TO YOU, BLACK X, OUR MEN ARE STILL ALIVE AND HEALTHY!





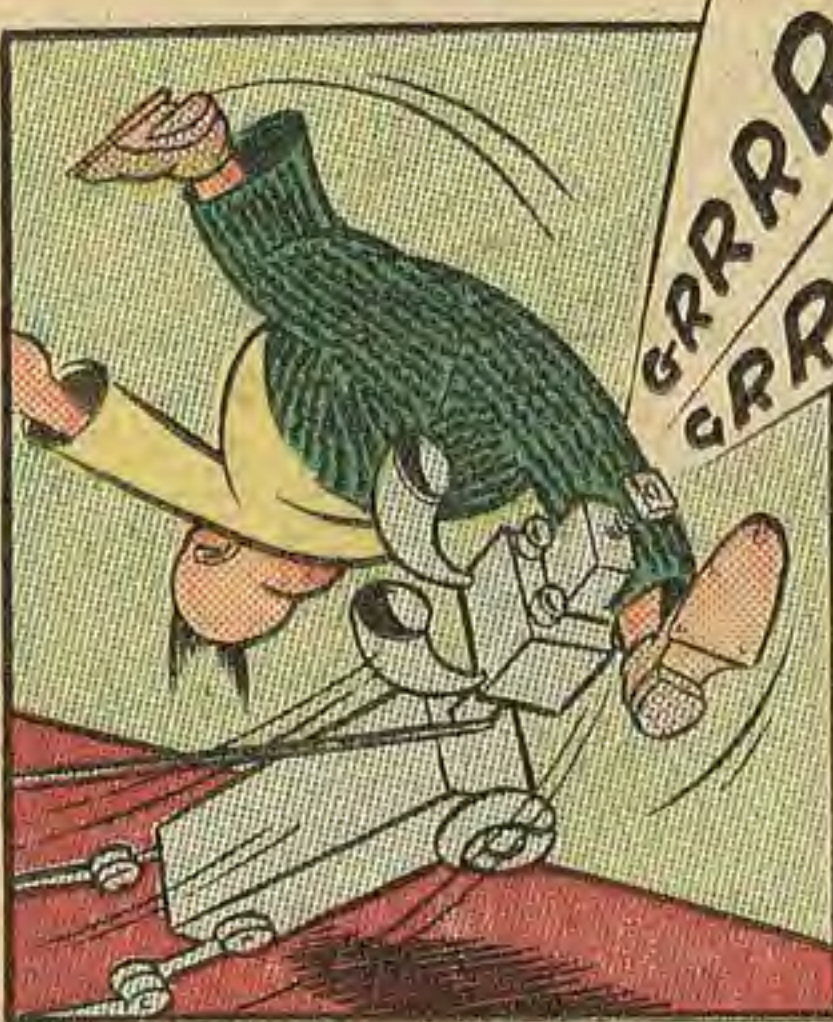
WUN CLOO!  
I BEEN  
ROBBED!!



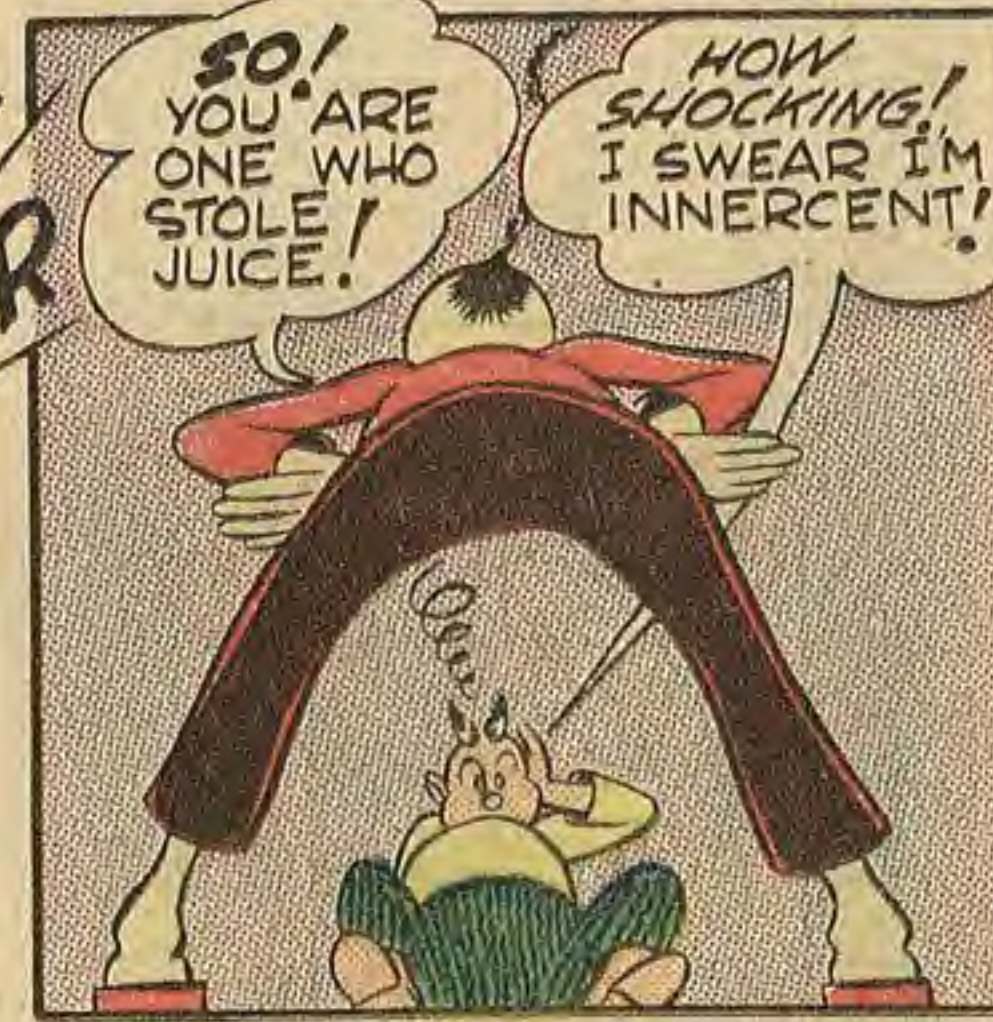
I OWN THE ELECTRIC  
POWER CO.! SOMEONE  
STOLE FIFTY KILOWATTS  
OF OUR BEST JUICE !!



BE CALM!  
MECHANICAL  
BLOODHOUND  
WILL CATCH  
CURRENT  
CROOK!



GRRRR  
GRRRR



SO!  
YOU ARE  
ONE WHO  
STOLE  
JUICE!

HOW  
SHOCKING!  
I SWEAR I'M  
INNERCENT!



BULB IN  
EAR PROVES  
OTHERWISE!

AWRIGHT,  
AWRIGHT!  
I'LL CONFESS!



YUH SEE I'M BALD, AN ME  
GOIL DONT LIKE TURRET-TOPS, SO  
I GITS ME A WIG AN' TELLS HER  
I GROWED SOME NEW HAIR!  
SHE LIKES TO RUN HER MITTS  
THRU IT, SO I JUS GOTTA  
KEEP ELECTRICITY IN IT OR  
SHE'LL GIT WISE IT AINT  
REAL....



..AN' I REFUSE  
TO BE DE-  
JUICED, BY  
GUM!

HON  
CROOK  
ESCAPES!



EMPTY HANDED WUN CLOO  
RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE, WHEN —

THIS IS THE A.C.  
THUG! ME GOIL  
JUST RUNS OFF  
WIT A SAILOR  
SO ---



I'M RETURNIN'  
THE JUICE!  
I STOLE!

FIFTY  
KILOWATTS  
(A.C.)



WUN CLOO HOPES  
NEXT VOLTAGE VAMPIRE  
WON'T RETURN STOLEN  
GOODS THROUGH  
ELECTRIC METER!





# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON



KENT THURSTON, WHO STRIKES TERROR IN EVIL HEARTS AS THE INVISIBLE HOOD FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE LAND.... AND THE TIME IS ONE MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST....

IN SNOW-BOUND ALASKA A PLANE TAKES OFF....

WE'RE OFF, CHUCK-TO DO OR DIE FOR THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY!

RIGHT, KENT-HOPE WE GET SOME SWELL PICTURES OF THE ARCTIC WASTES!



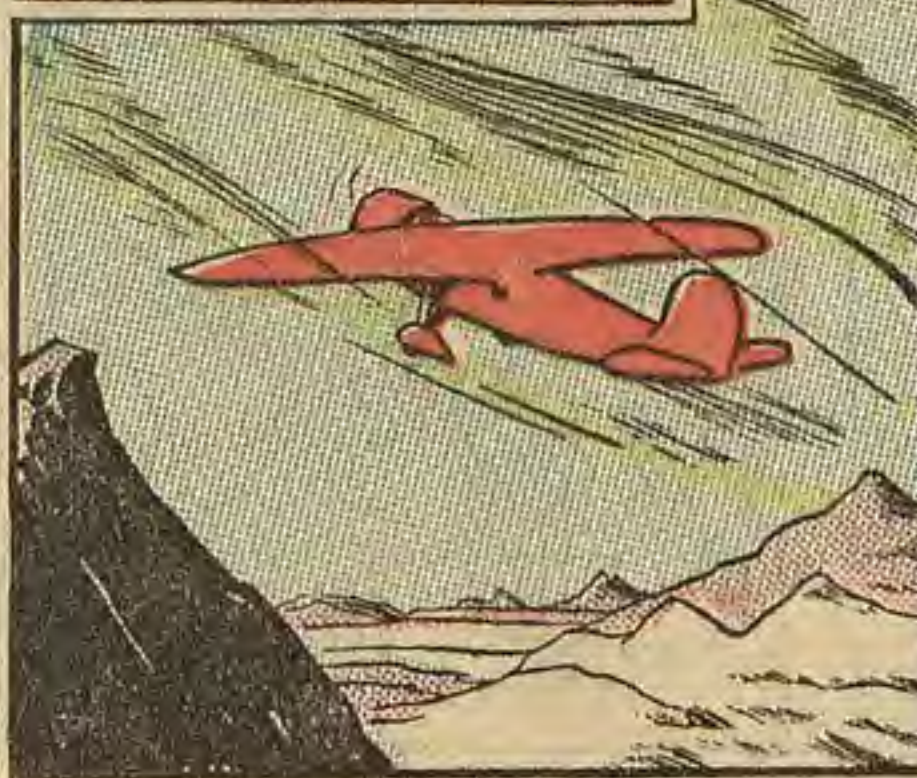
HOURS LATER

GOOD GOSH, KENT-WE'RE WAY OFF OUR COURSE-YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME!

NONSENSE, CHUCK-I WANTED TO COME FOR THE TRIP, DIDN'T I?-I KNEW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO!



DEEP INTO THE BARREN ARCTIC WASTES THE PLANE IS CARRIED BY A STRONG GALE...



SUDDENLY THE PLANE LURCHES DOWNWARD....

WHAT WAS THAT? CAN'T CONTROL HER..... GET READY TO BAIL OUT!



AS THE TWO MEN PULL OUT...

GREAT SCOTT! WE'RE LANDING IN A WARM TROPICAL LAND!



THIS CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE ARCTIC, CHUCK-WHERE ARE WE?

BEATS ME, PAL-C'MON, GOTTA EXAMINE THE PLANE AND SEE WHAT MADE US DROP!



WELL, I'LL BE-!! BULLET HOLES!

WHAT? CHUCK, WE'RE IN FOR IT-LOOK!





THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR AS A HUGE FORM COMES OUT OF THE FOLIAGE...



GREAT GUNS - A PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT... RUN-!!

AT THIS MOMENT THERE IS A GROWL AND ANOTHER ANIMAL COMES OUT INTO VIEW.



A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOLLOWS BETWEEN THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGER AND ITS GIGANTIC FOE....



SAY! IS THIS A MOVIE OR AM I DREAMIN'?

WE HAVEN'T TIME TO PINCH OURSELVES, CHUCK - WE'D BETTER KEEP ON MOVING!



AS THEY COME TO A CLEARING...



KENT, LOOK! THREE CAVE-MEN FIGHTIN'!

THERE ARE TWO AGAINST ONE - LET'S GIVE HIM A HAND!



AFTER THE FIGHT



GREAT SCOTT! HERE COMES THAT ELEPHANT AGAIN - HE'LL KILL US!

BUT THE MASSIVE ANIMAL STOPS BESIDE THE MAN THEY SAVED... TO THEIR AMAZEMENT THE MAN SPEAKS IN ENGLISH...



DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED - HE IS MY PET AND WILL DO AS I SAY!

GREAT GUNS, CHUCK - THIS FELLOW IS A CRO-MAGNON MAN - THAT MEANS THIS WHOLE LAND IS STILL LIVING ONE MILLION YEARS BEFORE OUR TIME!

HOW COME THEN THIS PLACE IS WARM - IT'S IN THE ARCTIC?



OUR LAND IS KEPT WARM BY VOLCANIC STEAMS... I THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE - YOU ARE NOT CRUEL LIKE THE EVIL WHITE MEN WHO CAME HERE!

YOU MEAN - THERE ARE OTHER WHITES HERE?



YES - THEY TAUGHT ME YOUR LANGUAGE - THEY HAVE ENSLAVED MY PEOPLE BUT I ESCAPED - I AM BELTHOR, THEIR CHIEF!

TAKE US TO THEIR VILLAGE, BELTHOR!



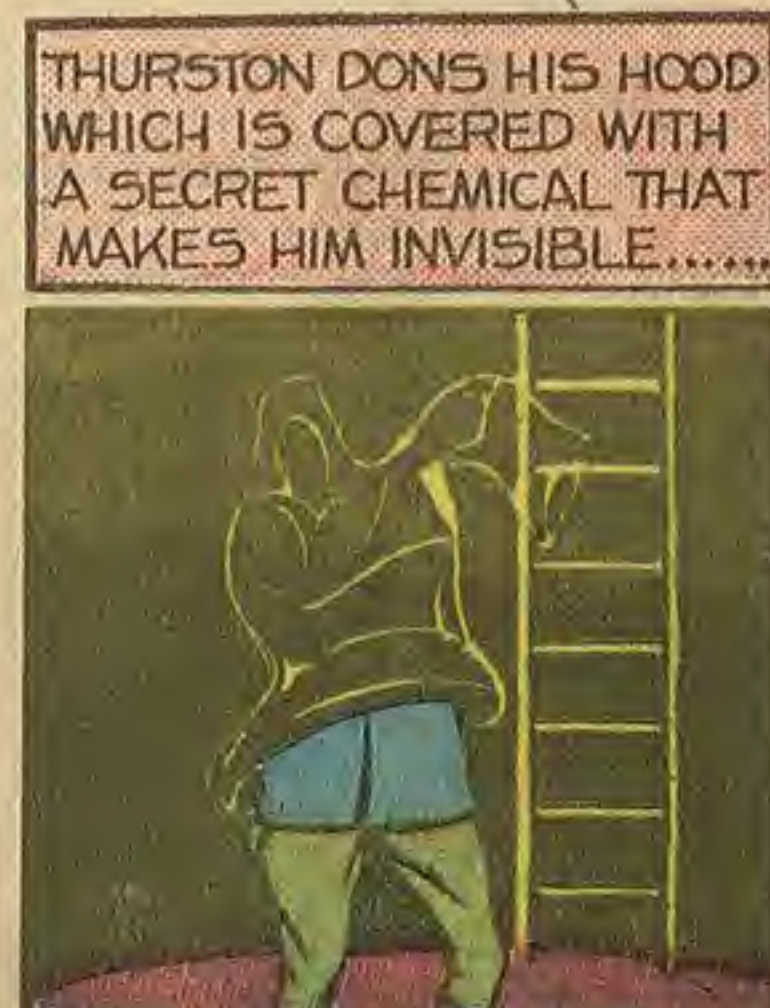
THEY FOLLOW BELTHOR DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE... HOURS LATER...



LOOK!

KENT! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?











MEANWHILE CHUCK AND BELTHOR'S MEN QUIETLY SLIP THROUGH THE GATE INTO THE JUNGLE...



AND IN GORDON STACK'S CABIN...

BOSS! THE NATIVES ARE GONE - SOMEBODY KNOCKED OUT THE GUARD!



QUICK! ROUND UP THE BOYS - TELL THEM TO COME ARMED TO THE TEETH - THOSE NATIVES MIGHT ATTACK US ANY MINUTE!



SO STACK THINKS A FEW GUNS WILL STOP BELTHOR!



LET 'EM COME NOW, EH BOYS? WE'LL MOW 'EM DOWN --- HEH-HEH!... WHAT'S THAT?

BOSS - LOOK! WE'RE DONE FOR...



OUT OF THE NIGHT LIKE A THUNDERING AVALANCHE COMES BELTHOR AND HIS ELEPHANTS...IN A FEW SECONDS STACK'S OIL FIELD IS IN RUINS...



WE DID IT! STACK'S FINISHED...HEY, KENT-OVER HERE!



KENT-THAT IDEA OF YOURS WORKED LIKE A CHARM... THE CAMP'S A WRECK!

YES - NOW BELTHOR AND HIS PEOPLE CAN LIVE AS THEY PLEASE! LOOK - HERE COMES BELTHOR!



NICE WORK, BELTHOR - WE'LL TAKE BAD MAN STACK BACK WITH US AS SOON AS THE PLANE'S FIXED!



SAY, KENT - NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, HOW ABOUT TEACHING ME THAT INVISIBLE TRICK OF YOURS - IT'LL CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY WHEN BILL COLLECTORS COME AROUND!





# ABDUL

## THE ARAB

BY  
POWELL  
ROBERTS

RECEIVING A HUNTING FALCON FROM  
A FRIEND, ABDUL AND HASSAN GO  
INTO THE DESERT TO TEST IT.



GO  
FIND  
YOUR  
MASTER!



IF THE BIRD FINDS ME  
THIS TIME IT IS TRULY  
A REMARKABLE FOWL!



AH! MY FEATHERED FRIEND,  
YOU HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT!  
VERILY, YOU HAVE A KEENER  
TRACING SENSE THAN MY  
BLOODHOUND!



HASSAN, THIS FALCON WILL  
COME IN GOOD STEAD  
SOMEDAY! FOUR TIMES  
I HID MYSELF WELL AND  
FOUR TIMES IT FOUND  
ME EASILY!

AYE! IT  
IS A CLEVER  
ONE INDEED!



MEANWHILE,  
A NEW SLAVE  
RING GOES  
UNCHECKED  
BECAUSE OF  
LACK OF  
EVIDENCE...  
AT ITS HEAD  
IS SHAURI,  
PRINCESS  
OF SHOMAR,  
WHOSE PET  
IS A VICIOUS  
TIGER CAT.....



ONE DAY AN ESCAPED SLAVE IS  
BROUGHT BEFORE ABDUL AND  
HASSAN.

I TELL THE TRUTH,  
NOBLE ABDUL, PRINCESS  
SHAURI IS THE LEADER  
OF THESE CUTTHROATS!  
BUT HOW CAN THE  
POLICE TAKE THE  
WORD OF A POOR  
SERF?



WE MUST GET MORE PROOF!  
I SHALL GET MYSELF  
CAPTURED BY THIS WOMAN.  
MEANWHILE YOU GET THE  
FRENCH PATROL AND STOP  
THE CARAVAN. BY THEN I  
SHALL HAVE ALL THE  
PROOF WE  
NEED!



A FEW DAYS LATER, ABDUL  
POSING AS A WANDERING  
BEDOUIN IS BROUGHT TO  
PRINCESS SHOMAR.....

I CAUGHT HIM  
PROWLING ABOUT..  
HE'LL MAKE A  
GOOD  
SLAVE!

MERCY!



I HAVE SEEN  
YOU BEFORE!  
HERE..LET ME  
TAKE A  
BETTER  
LOOK!

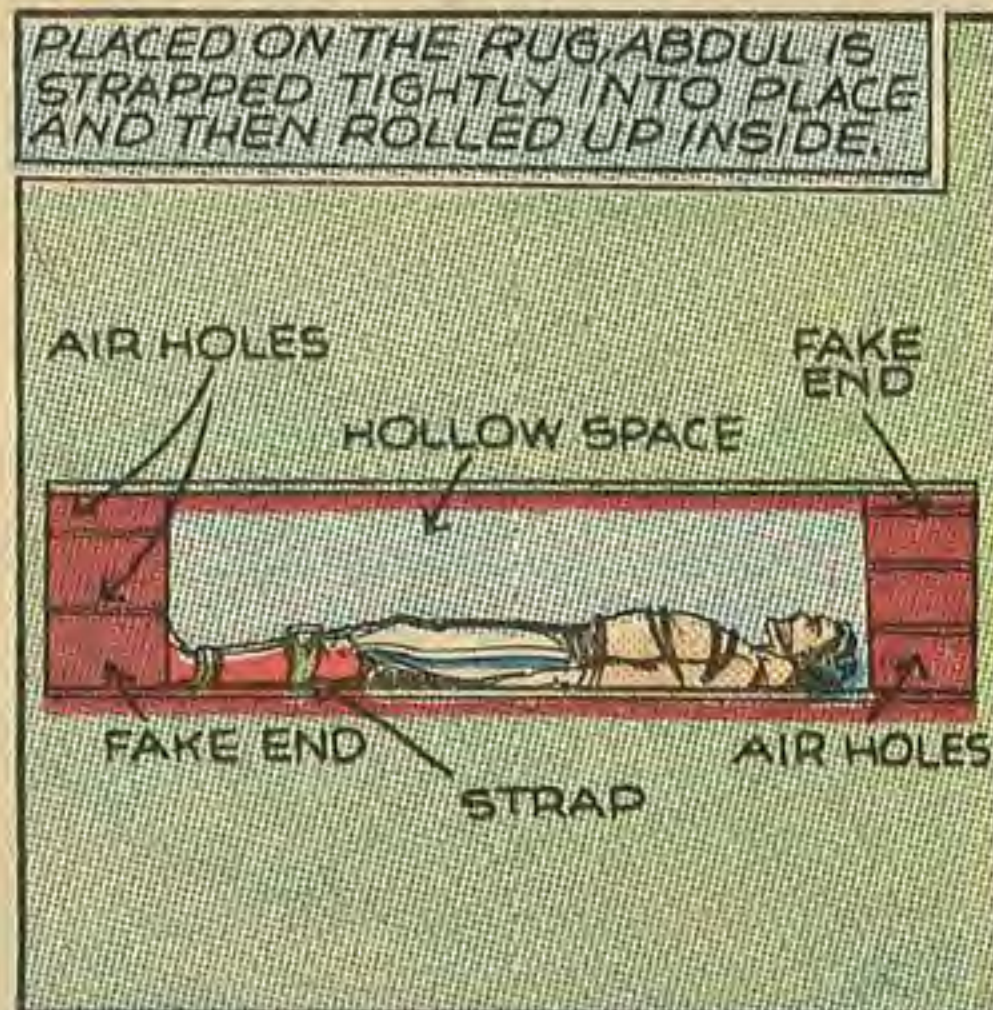
I AM BUT A  
POOR HERDS-  
MAN, YOUR  
HIGHNESS!



AH? SO? THERE! TAKE  
OFF YOUR FALSE BEARD  
AND LO! IT IS ABDUL  
THE WARRIOR!











WHERE IN BLAZES IS ABDUL?

HMM...YES, YOUR VISA IS IN ORDER..WE CAN DO NOTHING! I MUST LET YOU PASS ON!



WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! GO, LITTLE BIRD AND FIND YOUR MASTER!



UNERRINGLY, THE BIRD CIRCLES ONCE AND ALIGHTS ON THE CAMEL WHERE ABDUL'S RUG IS TIED..

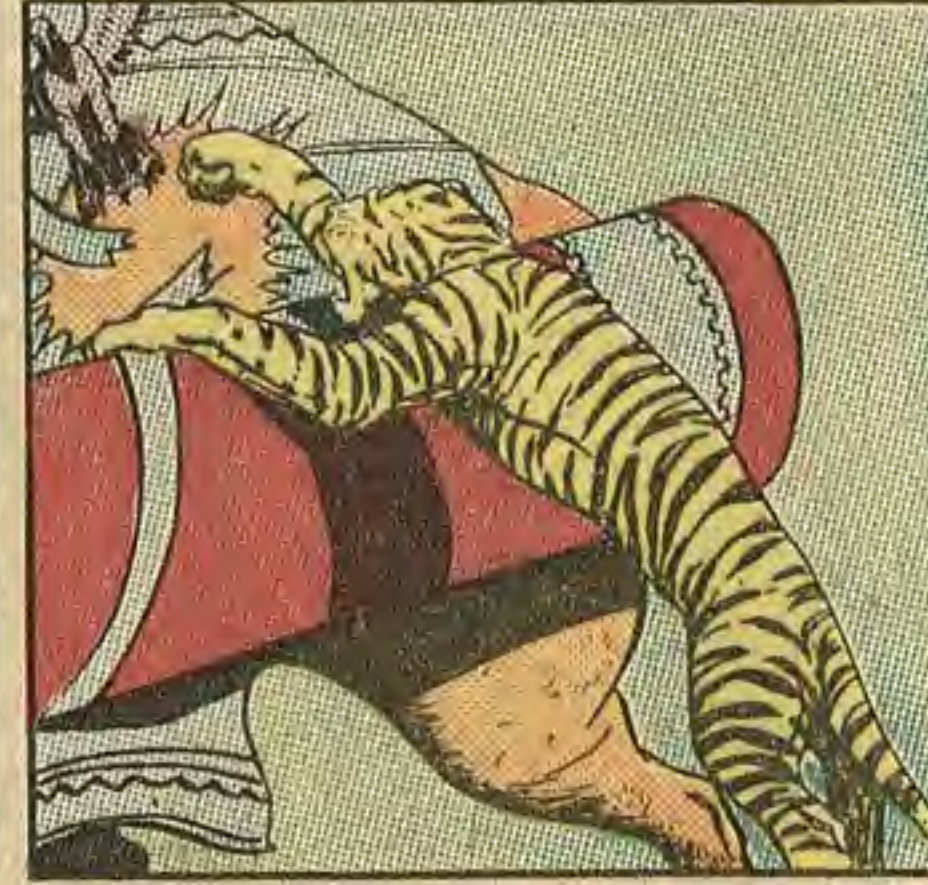
MOVED BY NATURAL INSTINCT, SHAURI'S VICIOUS PET LEAPS TO THE GROUND AND HEADS FOR THE FALCON.



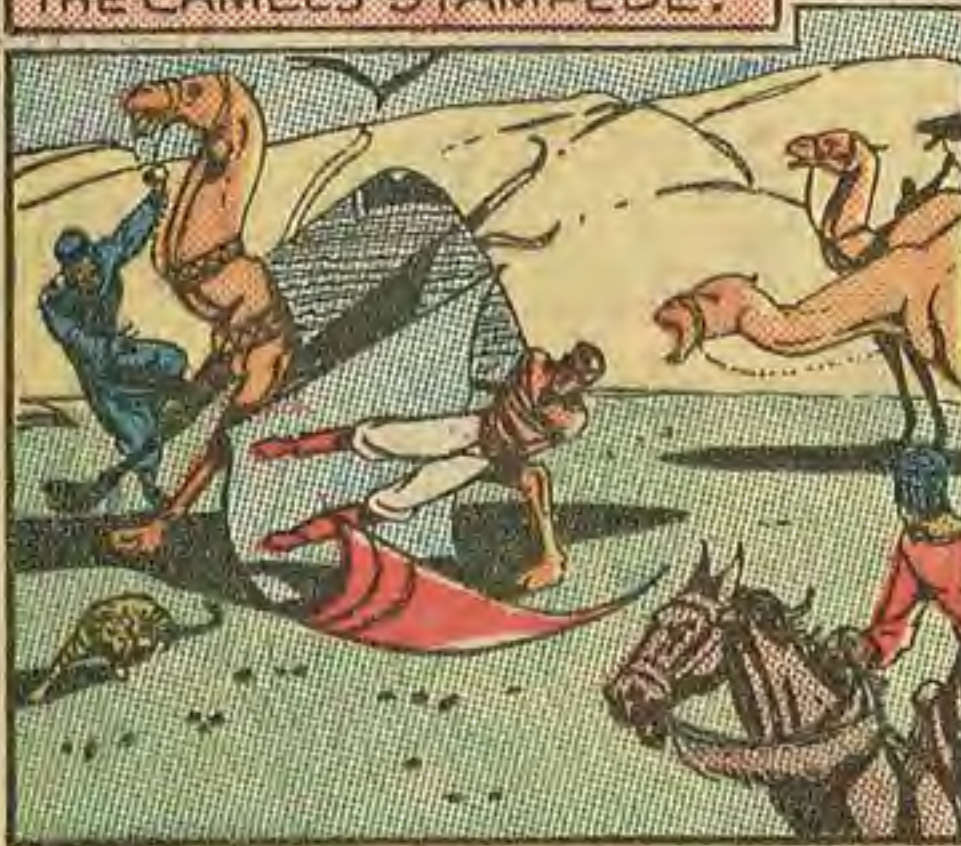
IN TWO GREAT BOUNDS IT LEAPS ACROSS THE DESERT AND SPRINGS FOR THE BIRD.



AS IT JUMPS, IT SNAPS THE CORDS HOLDING THE CARPET....



IN A SECOND, UTTER CONFUSION SWEEPS THE CARAVAN, AS ABDUL FALLS TO THE GROUND AND THE CAMELS STAMPEDE.



THOROUGHLY EXCITED, THE TIGER CAT RUNS ABOUT, FINALLY STOPPING BEFORE THE HELPLESS ABDUL.



ITS EARS DRAWN BACK AND ITS LIPS PULLED UP IN A FURIOUS SNARL, THE BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING.



GETTING OUT OF THE MILLING CROWD, HASSAN DASHES TO ABDUL'S AID.



IN A FLASH HE'S ON THE BRUTE'S BACK.

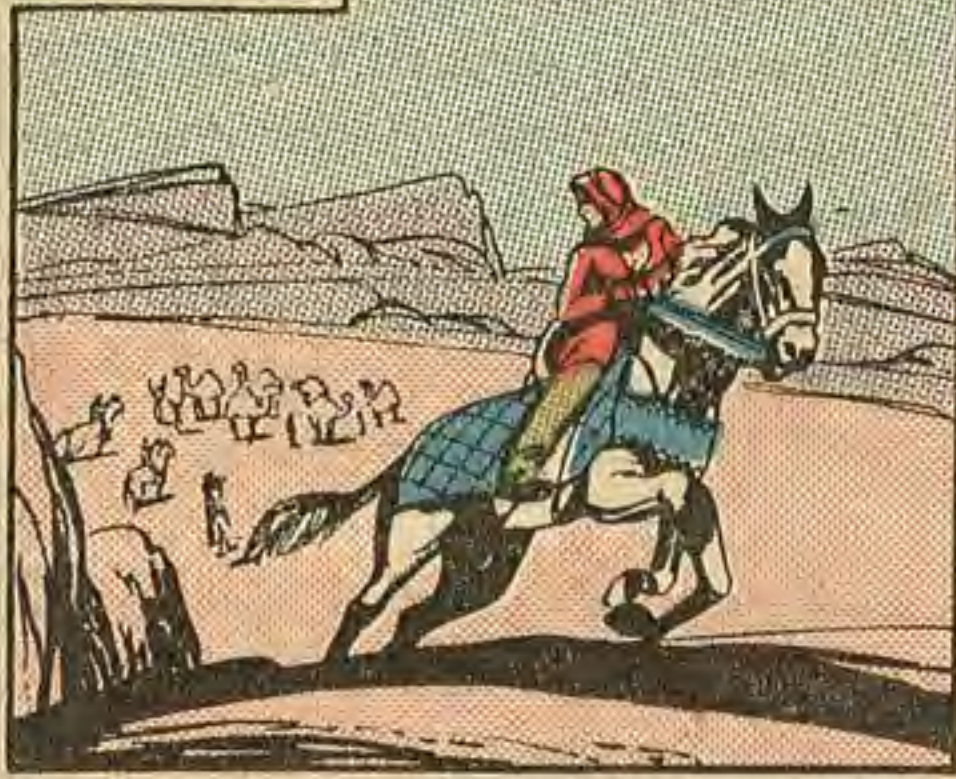


HOLDING HIM BY SHEER STRENGTH, HASSAN DRIVES HIS DAGGER INTO THE BEAST'S HEART, KILLING HIM.....





WHILE THE PATROL ROUNDS UP HER MEN, SHAURI TAKES TO THE HILLS IN A MAD EFFORT TO ESCAPE.



QUICK, HASSAN! UNTIE ME!

YOUR HORSE IS JUST YONDER!



WITH A GRACEFUL BOUND ABDUL IS SOON IN THE SADDLE.



SPURRING HIS HORSE, HE RACES MADLY AFTER THE FLEEING GIRL.



HIGH INTO THE HILLS THEY THUNDER, WATCHED BY THE BEADY EYES OF ABDUL'S FALCON WHICH FLOATS ABOVE.



HIS HORSE IS TOO FAST FOR MINE, AND THE LEDGE IS NARROW... I MUST SHOOT HIM TO ESCAPE!



AS THE GIRL DISMOUNTS AND DRAWS A BEAD ON ABDUL, THE FALCON DIVES.



GRABBING HER WRIST IN ITS SHARP TALONS, THE FALCON HITS HER WITH SUCH FORCE THAT SHE LOSES HER BALANCE.



AND TOPPLES OVER THE EDGE TO HER DEATH IN THE CRAGGY RAVINE, FAR BELOW.



HO! LITTLE ONE! TWICE YOU'VE SAVED ME!



ABDUL! ABDUL! THANK ALLAH YOU ARE SAFE!

YES, AND THANK THE FALCON, TOO!



AYE! METHINKS YOU HAVE FOUND A REAL FRIEND!

THAT I HAVE, AND AS GOOD A FRIEND AS A MAN COULD ASK!





# The MUMMY SPEAKS

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



"I, Thoth, speak to you, people of the Nile, from the tomb. I have slept more than five thousand years. I awoke at the time the great Christian Leader of Nazareth died.

"I am awake again, I, Thoth, priest of the temple of Osiris. My awakening is propitious. The world is again unsettled and the people want to slay their great leaders. Wars shatter the nations and the populace is scattered to the four winds.

"I, Thoth, bring you words of warning, ere again I go into my long sleep. I bring you the wisdom of the ages—for a thousand generations have passed in review across my vision. I know whereof I speak."

The dry, rustling voice ceased and the silence in the tomb was oppressive. Then again came the voice:

"Children of the Nile, lay down your arms. End this strife. A great leader again cometh from across the sea to teach you wisdom and bring you riches of the land and of the soul. I, Thoth, say these words to you. Heed them, or Lo! the spirit of Osiris will come upon you from out of the night with flaming sword and destroy you! Lay down your arms! Lay down your . . ."

A woman suddenly screamed and fell prostrate in the crowd of awed spectators that filled the recently opened tomb of Thoth, ancient Egyptian mummy. An officer in the uniform of the Egyptian army spoke shrilly to a handful of his men and they fell back, white-faced, abject in their mortal fear. Screams, prayers went up from the other witnesses of this weird drama; a score of natives collapsed on the

dank floor and gave way to hysterical sobbing.

Then the mob began a backward movement toward the entrance of the tomb. For a moment it looked as if several persons would have their lives stamped out by the crazed, fear-driven pack. At last the crypt was empty of all save a tall youth in the costume of a native Egyptian. He stood as close to the huge stone sarcophagus of Thoth as the four Nubian guards would permit. He stood and stared down at the mummified man who had apparently come to life long enough to deliver his potent warning.

The youth stood very quiet, shaking his head as he peered at the



yellowed, shrunken features of the priest. Then he turned and strode out of the tomb.

Ben Hakar, chief of police of Cairo, was an astute Egyptian, London-educated. At the moment he was worried. A half dozen of his best patrolmen had been slain in street brawls during the last few days. For trouble had come to Cairo. Ben Hakar knew what the trouble was. It emanated from propaganda-spreading spies in the employ of the Fascist government.

The long arm of Mussolini had

reached across the blue Mediterranean and one riot after another broke the customary calm of Cairo and other seaports of the Egyptian nation. The land of the Nile was between two fires: to fight Italy, or try and remain neutral and still be an ally of England. King Farouk was having his hands full.

Ben Hakar looked up from his desk as a tall young Egyptian entered his office. The newcomer was heavily burnoosed. He spoke to Ben Hakar in the native tongue.

"Ah, old friend, glad to see you! How does it go with the chief of police?"

Ben Hakar puckered his bulging forehead. Then he chuckled.

"Welcome, Jimmy Christian! For a moment you almost had me stumped with that bathrobe rig you've got on. Well, what brings you to our fair Cairo?"

"Thought I'd write a book, Chief," replied Jimmy "But maybe I'll do a little sleuthing first. I've just come from old Thoth's tomb. Heard the old chap speaking. Kind of eery, hearing a mummy chatter, eh?"

Ben Hakar frowned "I have heard about the miracle, Jimmy. But it has been written that Thoth would one day awake . . . now that he has . . ."

Jimmy grinned. "Did you ever stop to think that there might be a bit of hoax to old Thoth's mumbling, Chief?"

Ben Hakar looked frightened. "Jimmy!" he whispered. "Don't invite the wrath of Osiris! You . . ."

"Might be heard by some of the Fascist agents?" Jimmy filled in, grinning impishly.

"Then you know what's going on?"

Jimmy said that he did. "Cairo's full of Mussolini men. If I'm any judge of people, you've got a nice little riot brewing, Chief."

Ben Hakar mopped his fat face.



"I'm afraid so. And what to do—what to do?"

Whatever Jimmy had to suggest was temporarily halted by the shrill wail of a police siren. A squad car roared up to headquarters and an aide rushed into Ben Hakar's office.

"Two of the boys got shot up, Chief," he reported. "There's something starting in the native quarter."

"Come on, Jimmy!" cried Ben Hakar. "Might as well make yourself useful." He led the American into an alley-way and they piled into a speedy car. Then they were off, with siren screaming.

The native quarter of Cairo is much like such sections in any of the North African cities—squalid, menace-ridden. Syrians, Turks, Kurds—all the riff-raff that straggled in from the great desert to the west. Here they fight, argue, haggle over the price of camels, goats and the thousand and one trinkets that make up the eastern market places, or bazaars.

Jimmy Christian, still in his native costume, and Ben Hakar drove through the seething mass of humanity slowly. A street fight started down a dimly-lit alley and Chief Hakar ordered his chauffeur to stop. He and Jimmy piled out of the car.

"Maybe this is it," said Ben Hakar. They started running down the alley. A volley of shots stabbed the night. Someone screamed. From somewhere overhead sounds of a violent commotion broke out. Then a man toppled into the street from an upstairs balcony. He was dead when Jimmy reached his side. There was a knife in his throat.

"Italian," Jimmy stated. "An agent."

"Let's get out of here," said Ben Hakar. "We'll get murdered."

Cairo was an inferno that night. Fires broke out all over the city and a hundred individual fights kept the

police force in a dither. The Fascist faction was showing its strength; it wanted Egypt to throw in with Italy. The Egyptian army engaged a large company of Fascist troops who had landed that day. Just what the outcome would be nobody knew.

"There's one thing sure," Jimmy told Ben Hakar toward dawn. "You've got to put a stop to these soap-box orators, or you'll have a general uprising among the natives; they are definitely falling for Mussolini's leg-men."

Ben Hakar drew a wry face. "But how to stop it? They are all over the city. They've been working here



for months. We can call out the army . . ."

"And that means war with Italy," Jimmy interposed. "You don't want that, do you? . . . Say!" Jimmy hit the chief's desk with a brawny fist. "I've got it. How soon can we get out to Thoth's tomb?"

Ben Hakar looked puzzled. "Why . . ."

"Come on. Tell you when we get there!"

There was a sizeable crowd of natives in the tomb of Thoth when Jimmy and Ben Hakar arrived. It was daylight now, but the tomb was cool, dark. Thoth lay in his

cold sarcophagus, asleep — dead — who knew?

Suddenly, as Jimmy and Ben Hakar stood looking down at him, a sound like a long-drawn sigh escaped the inanimate piece of clay. Then from the half-opened mouth of the old priest came these words:

"I, Thoth, speak once more to you, my people. A great day has dawned. A new era cometh to you, children of Isis. Don't spurn it. Welcome these strangers from across the sea with open hearts. Fight them, and the curse of Osiris will fall upon you . . . lay down your arms, O Children! Lay down your arms . . ."

Jimmy reached down and ripped the heavily spiced linens from the mummy's chest. A gaping hole was revealed. And something else!

"Look!" cried Jimmy. "What did I tell you, Chief?"

Ben Hakar stepped back a pace and his face went chalk-white. "By the horns of Horus!" he cried. "So that's it!"

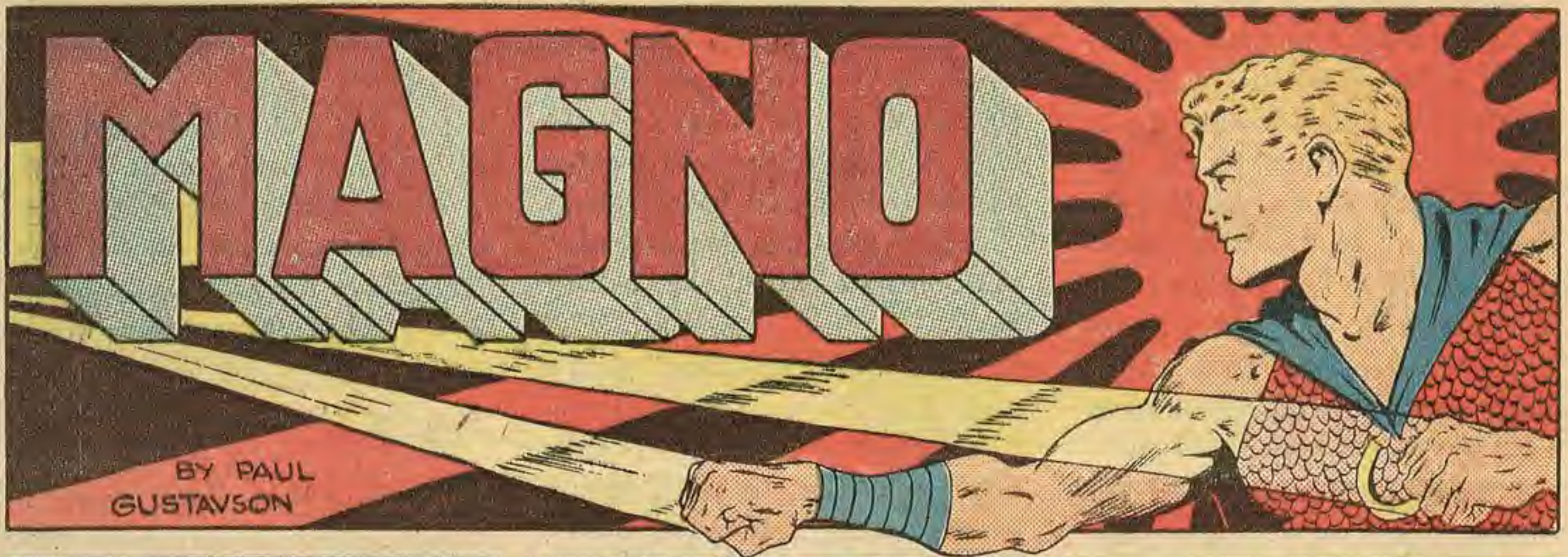
Jimmy laughed, then he turned to the astonished natives.

"You have been misled, my people," he said in Egyptian. "You see before you a silly hoax — a mechanical trick to deceive you. It is the work of these imposters. Go back and tell your people that you will fight for Egypt, your country . . . but first, come here."

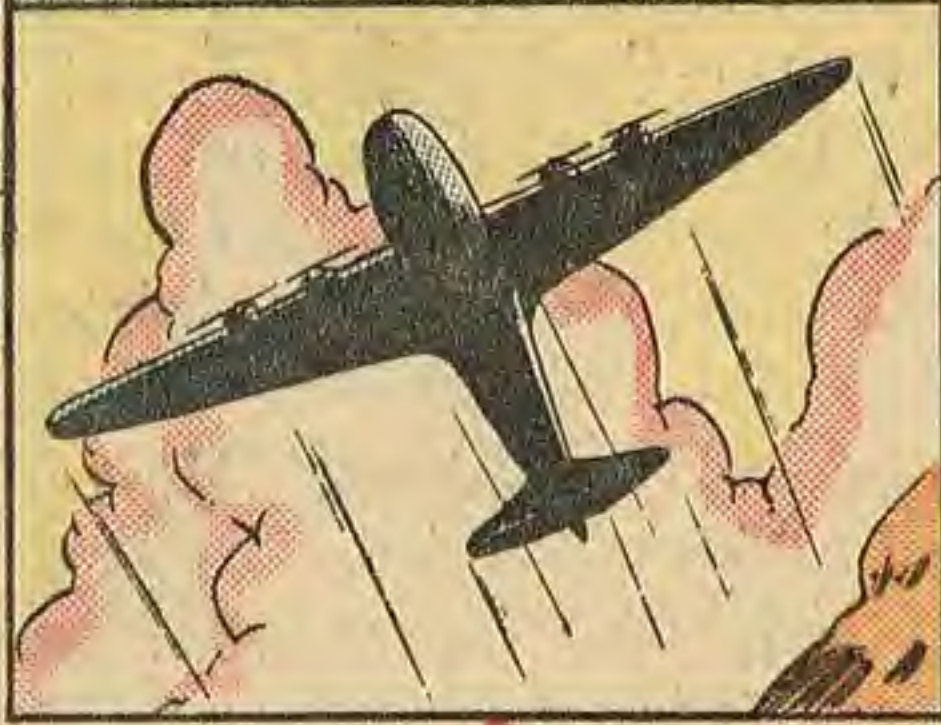
Afrighted, they came, one by one, and leaned over the stone coffin. Inside the hole Jimmy had uncovered there was a small radio mike. From it led a wire. And Jimmy knew where that wire ended—in a tent a few hundred yards distant. An Italian spy's tent!

**READ PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER**  
A GRIPPING JIMMY CHRISTIAN  
YARN IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF  
**SMASH COMICS**  
ON SALE JANUARY 17TH





HEADING NORTH OVER COLD, MOUNTAINOUS CANADA, ROARS ONE OF THE NEW STRATOLINERS... IT HAS BEEN HI-JACKED BY FOREIGN AGENTS.



INSIDE... TOM DALTON, WHO IS AT OTHER TIMES THE GREAT MAGNO, QUIETS THE HYSTERICAL PASSENGERS...



WE ARE ALL HELPLESS UNTIL THIS PILOT LANDS!

TENSE HOURS PASS... FINALLY THE PLANE SETS DOWN ON THE NORTH TIP OF ALASKA..



HEY, YOU DOPE! WHY'D YOU PICK ON A PLANE WITH SO MANY PASSENGERS IN IT?

アハハ

OKAY! HIT SALT LAKE CITY IN TIME TO STOP THAT LOCKHEED-ELECTRO TAKING OFF AT 4:27... GET IT?



AN AMERICAN! SAY.. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! GET IN THAT BUILDING.. YOU'RE PRISONERS OF WAR!



WELL, I'LL BE... THEY'RE CONVERTING THESE TRANSPORTS INTO BOMBERS!



MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT...

RIGHT! EVERY PLANE HERE IS FROM A DIFFERENT U.S. CITY.. AND THEY'LL RETURN THERE IN A FEW DAYS.. AS **BOMBERS!**



PRETTY CLEVER! THIS GEESEY KNOWS THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THESE PLANES WILL USE IN GOING BACK AND FORTH TO ALL THE BIG CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES! A PERFECT PLAN FOR A BOMBING INVASION!





I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO STOP HIM? HAW!

MAYBE..



THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE OUT..



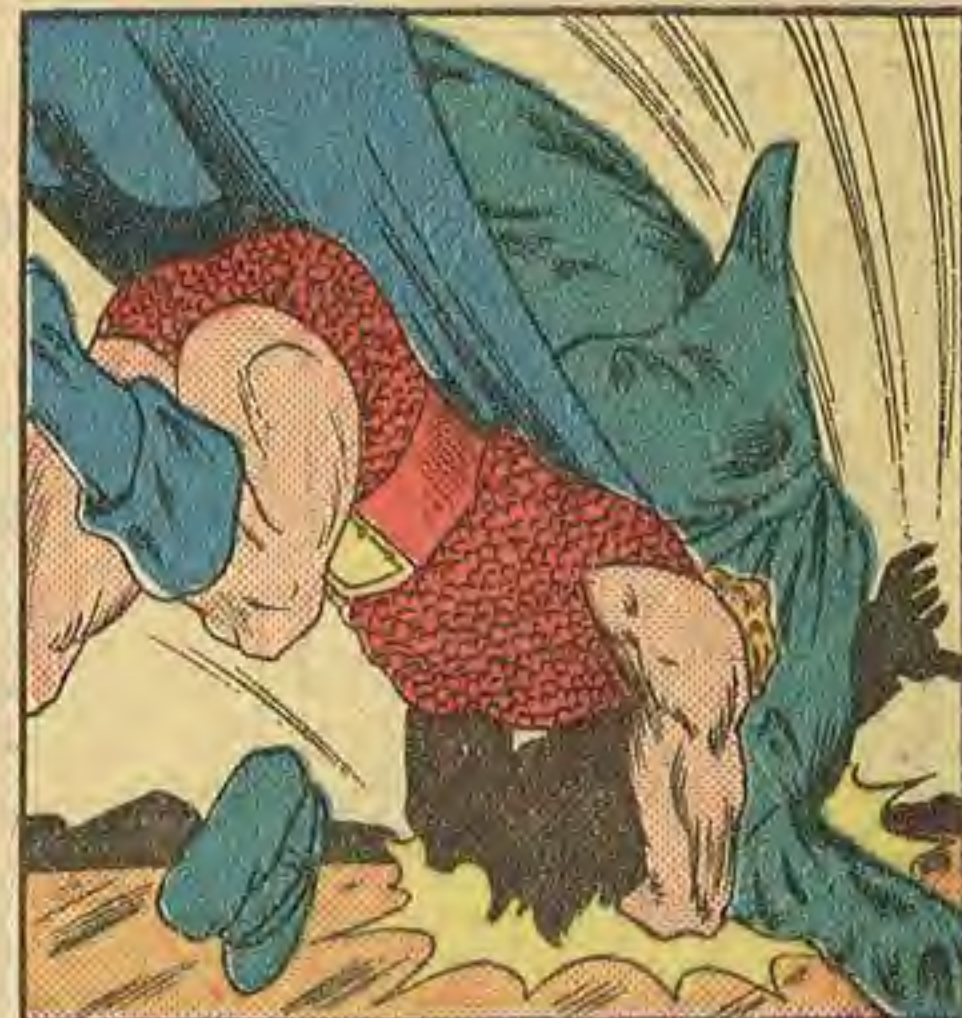
THOSE IRON BEAMS IN THE CEILING WILL DO THE TRICK!



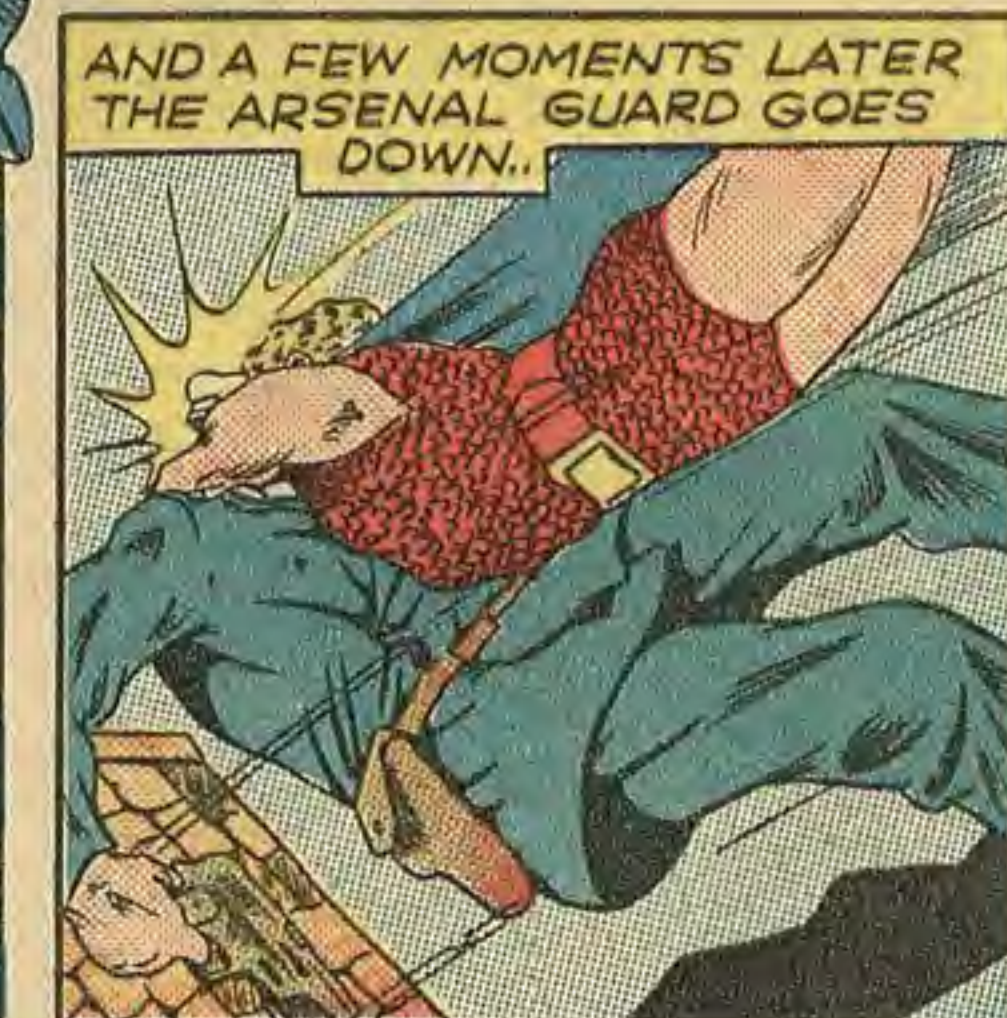
MAGNO'S MAGNETIC HAND-COILS PULL HIM UPWARD..



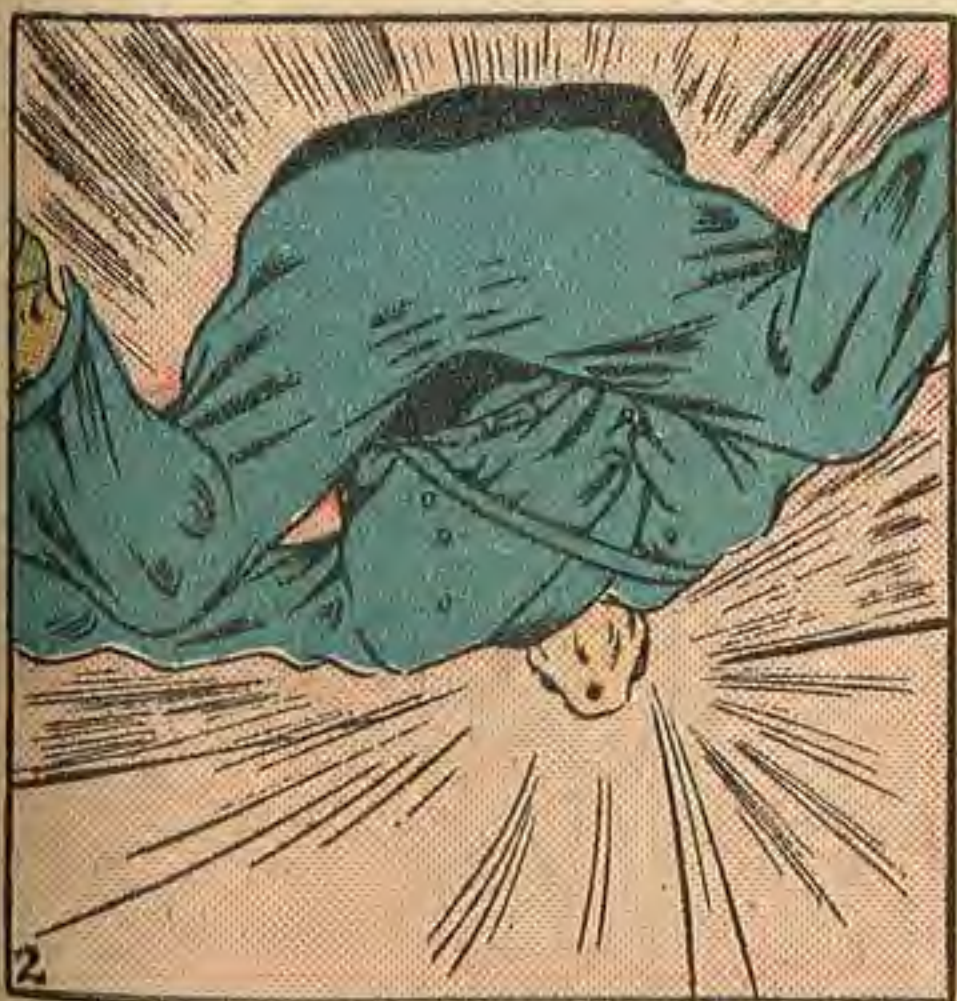
AND AS A GUARD PASSES..



NOW TO FIND THEIR ARSENAL!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE ARSENAL GUARD GOES DOWN..



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT!



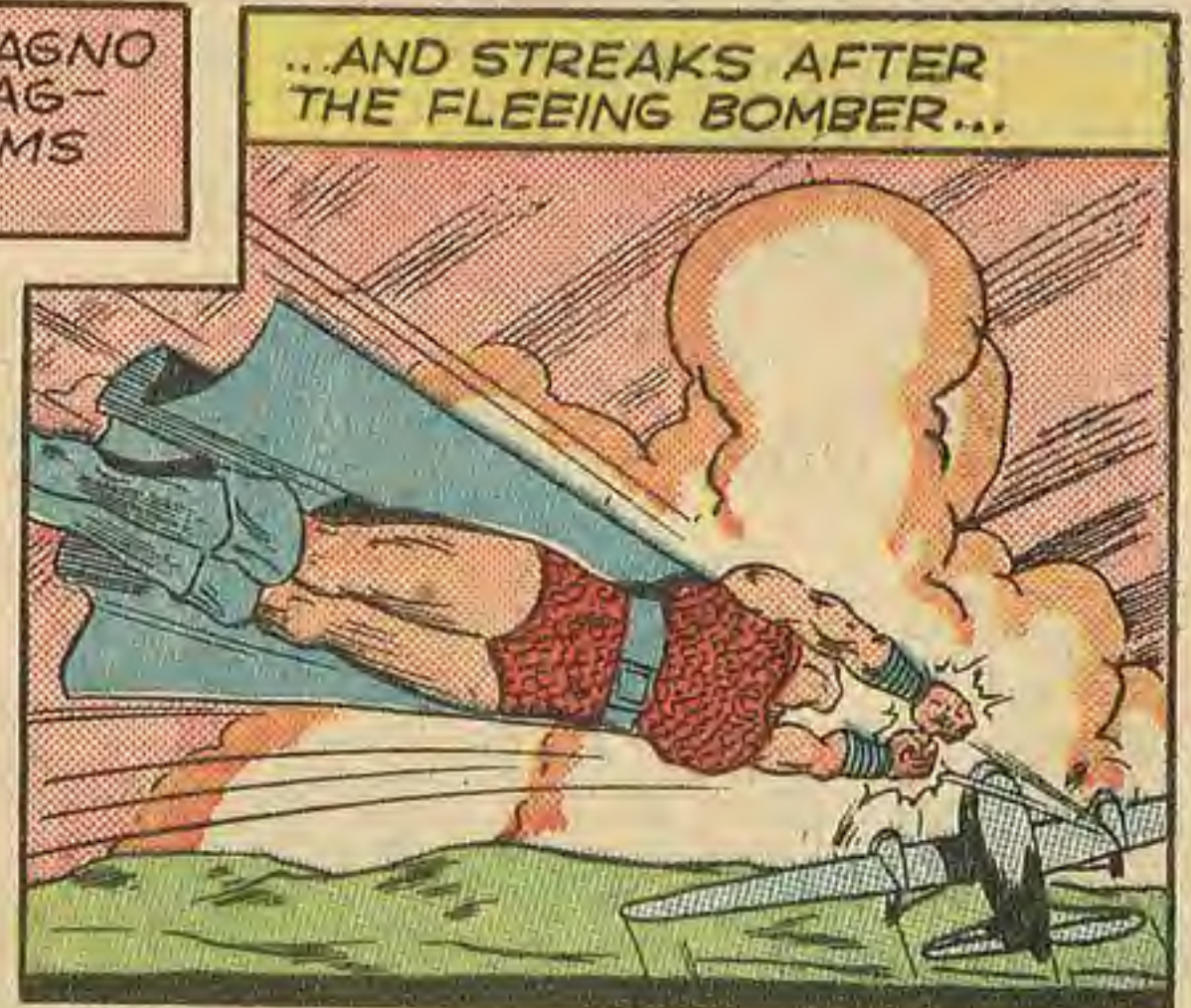
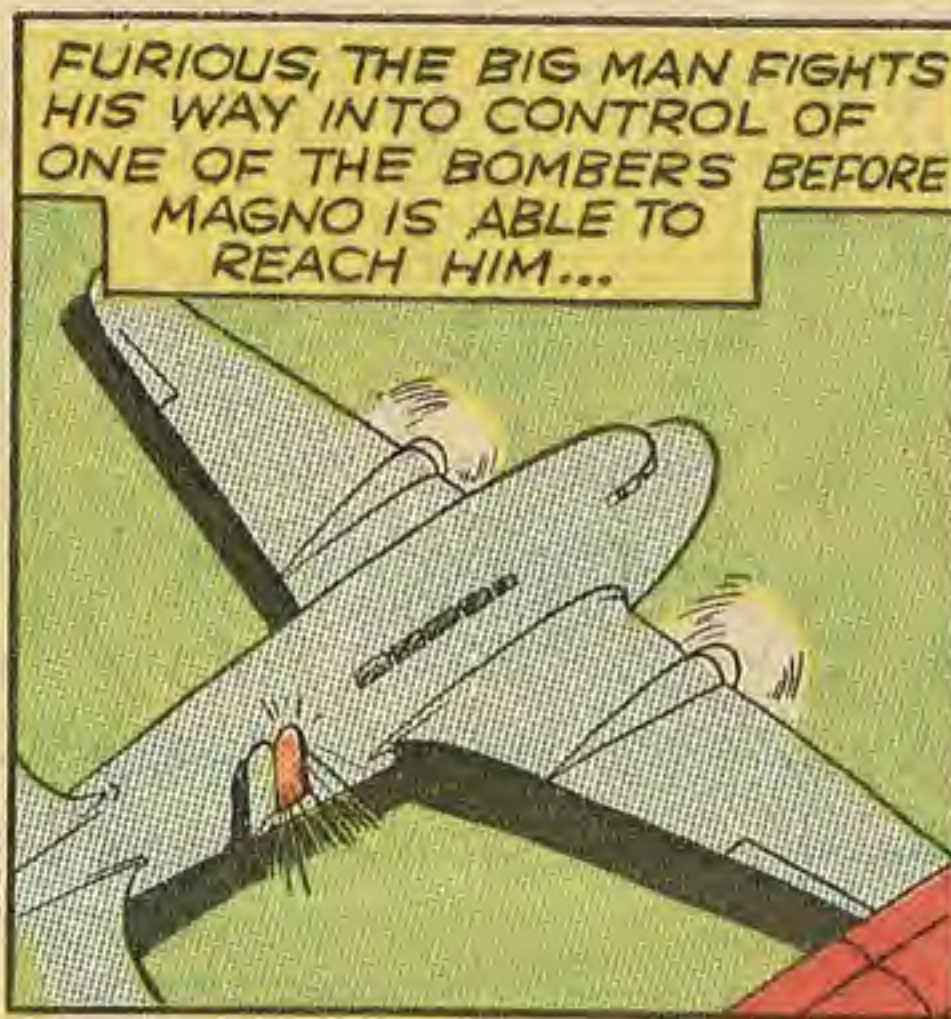
WITH AN ARMAFULL OF AUTOMATIC RIFLES, MAGNO RUSHES BACK TO THE IMPRISONED PASSENGERS..

WELL! THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE WINDOW THAT I BROKE!











# CHIC CARTER



A HUGE TWIN-MOTORED PLANE DRONES THROUGH THE THIN COLD AIR TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD...TIBET! THE GORDON BRUCE AERIAL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE FANTASTIC ACCOMPANIED BY CHIC CARTER, REPORTER FOR THE DAILY STAR.

SOMEWHERE IN THOSE HILLS ARE HIDDEN THE MOST MYSTERIOUS PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, CHIC, THE LAMAS OF THE RED DRAGON!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! POP WILL SKIN ME ALIVE IF I DON'T GET A STORY!



ENGINE TROUBLE!

A TIBETAN HORSEMAN WATCHES THE PLANE LAND...



DEVIL BIRD COMES! DEVIL BIRD COMES!



A WISE OLD LAMA QUIETS HIS EXCITED PEOPLE...

IT IS MERELY THE WHITE MAN'S FLYING MACHINE...GO, GREET THEM, YOU MUST BRING THEM TO ME!



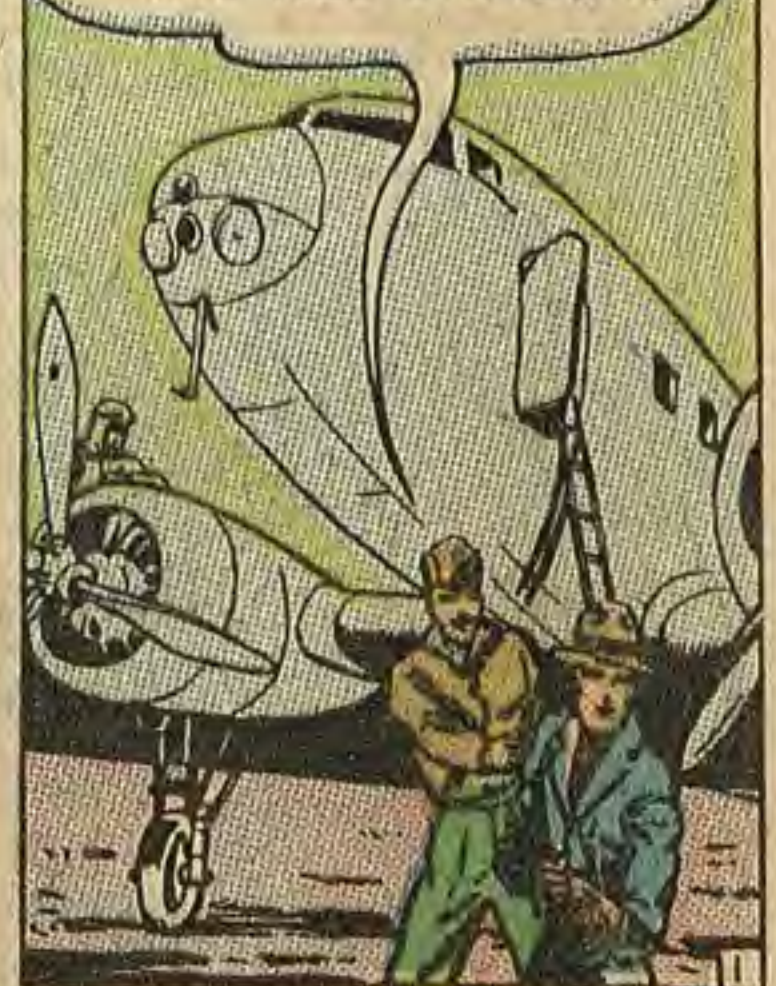
CLATTERING HOOF'S SHATTER THE QUIET OF THE CANYON...



OH-OH! WE HAVE GUESTS... GRAB YOUR RIFLES, BOYS!



NO, CHIC, THEY COME IN PEACE! ..MAYBE THEY'LL KNOW THE MYSTERY OF THE RED DRAGON!





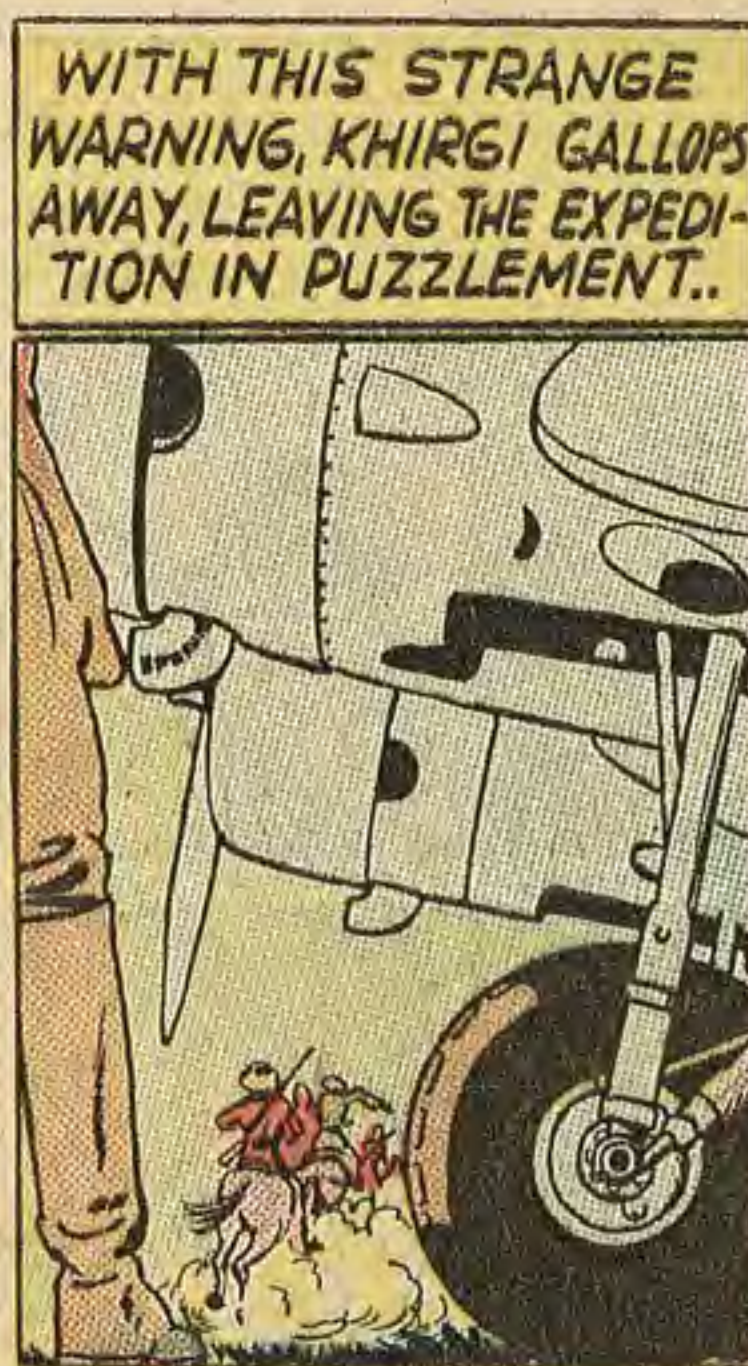


I AM KHIRGI, HIGH PRIEST TO THE GRAND LAMA, WHO REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE AT THE TEMPLE!

GOOD! HE MAY KNOW ABOUT THE RED DRAGON!



FOR AN OUTSIDER IT IS DEATH TO LOOK UPON THE SACRED DRAGON.. IT IS EVEN DANGEROUS TO KNOW ABOUT IT!



WITH THIS STRANGE WARNING, KHIRGI GALLOPS AWAY, LEAVING THE EXPEDITION IN PUZZLEMENT..



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL, BRUCE, BUT WHEN WE VISIT THE LAMA TONIGHT WE'D BETTER TAKE THESE GUNS ALONG!



THAT NIGHT.. A WILD CELEBRATION RINGS THRU THE CROWDED TEMPLE..

THIS IS QUITE A PARTY!

THAT IS NOT STRANGE.. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME MY PEOPLE HAVE EVER SEEN WHITE MEN!



IN A DARKENED CORNER KHIRGI UNFOLDS A SINISTER PLOT...

LONG HAVE I WAITED TO TAKE THE HIGH LAMA'S PLACE.. NOW EVERYTHING IS PREPARED!



ONE DROP FROM THIS VIAL WILL SEND HIM TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS.. I SHALL MAKE SURE THE OCCUPANTS OF THE DEVIL BIRD ARE BLAMED FOR HIS DEATH!



THEN, UNWITTINGLY THE GRAND LAMA SETS THE STAGE FOR HIS OWN ASSASSINATION..

KHIRGI, BRING US WINE!



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FEAST, THE DEATH PLOT IS CARRIED OUT..



I-I-OHHH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



KHIRGI SPRINGS TO THE DIAS..

THE WHITE MEN HAVE POISONED THE FATHER.. KILL THEM OR GREAT EVIL WILL BEFALL US!



SPURRED ON BY THE PRIEST, THE MADDENED CROWD SURGES FORWARD.. LUSTING TO AVENGE THEIR BELOVED LEADER!

HOW DID KHIRGI KNOW THE LAMA WAS POISONED? HE FRAMED US, CHIC!

TRY TELLING IT TO THIS MOB..THE ONLY THING THEY'LL LISTEN TO IS BULLETS!



SHOOTING THEIR WAY OUT OF KHIRGI'S TRAP, THEY RUN DOWN A DARK CORRIDOR!



THAT'S FUNNY! THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING US!



THE PASSAGEWAY ENDS IN A HUGE VAULTED ROOM..

THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF HERE.. THEY'VE GOT US!



LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT AGAIN! LOOK!



A BARRED DOOR SLOWLY DROPS, SHUTTING OFF ESCAPE...



HA-HA-HA! IT IS AMUSING TO WATCH THE HELPLESS MICE STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE MY SNARE!



WHY YOU SLANT-EYED HEATHEN! YOU BUMPED OFF THE HIGH LAMA SO YOU COULD TAKE HIS DOMAIN!



AH! BUT THAT SECRET SHALL FOREVER BE DESTROYED BY THE RED DRAGON YOU WERE SO INTERESTED IN!



THE MAD LAMA PULLS A LEVER AND A SECRET PANEL SLIDES UP.. A HIDEOUS BEAST EMERGES



THE RED DRAGON!





WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF SHOTS LEFT..MAY-BE THEY'LL STOP THAT OVERGROWN LIZARD!

THEIR LAST BULLETS PUMP INTO THE BEAST..

IT'S STILL COMING!

WITH A SHRILL SCREAM THE BEAST CHARGES INTO THE BARRED DOOR..

THESE BARS ARE LOOSE..ANOTHER CHARGE WILL RIP THEM DOWN!

AGAIN THE PAIN-MADDENED RED DRAGON CHARGES..

HERE IT COMES.. DUCK!

THE RAGING MONSTER PLUNGES INTO THE CORRIDOR..CHIC AND BRUCE FOLLOW!

THEY WON'T STOP US..NOT WITH A DRAGON RUNNING OUR INTERFERENCE!

HERE COMES KHIRGI AND HIS KNIFE-SLINGIN' PLAYMATES!

THE DRAGON LEAPS..AND KHIRGI DIES BENEATH ITS SLASHING CLAWS

THE WHITE MEN BATTER THEIR WAY THRU THE FRANTIC TIBETANS

I HOPE OUR MECHANIC HAS FIXED THE PLANE, CHIC!

MINUTES LATER, AND THE PLANE IS AWAY..

WAIT'LL YOUR EDITOR GETS THIS STORY, CHIC!

YEAH.. BUT I KNOW POP.. HE'LL SAY THAT I MUST EITHER FORWARD THE DRAGON AS PROOF OR HE'LL KILL THE STORY AND CUT OFF MY EXPENSES!

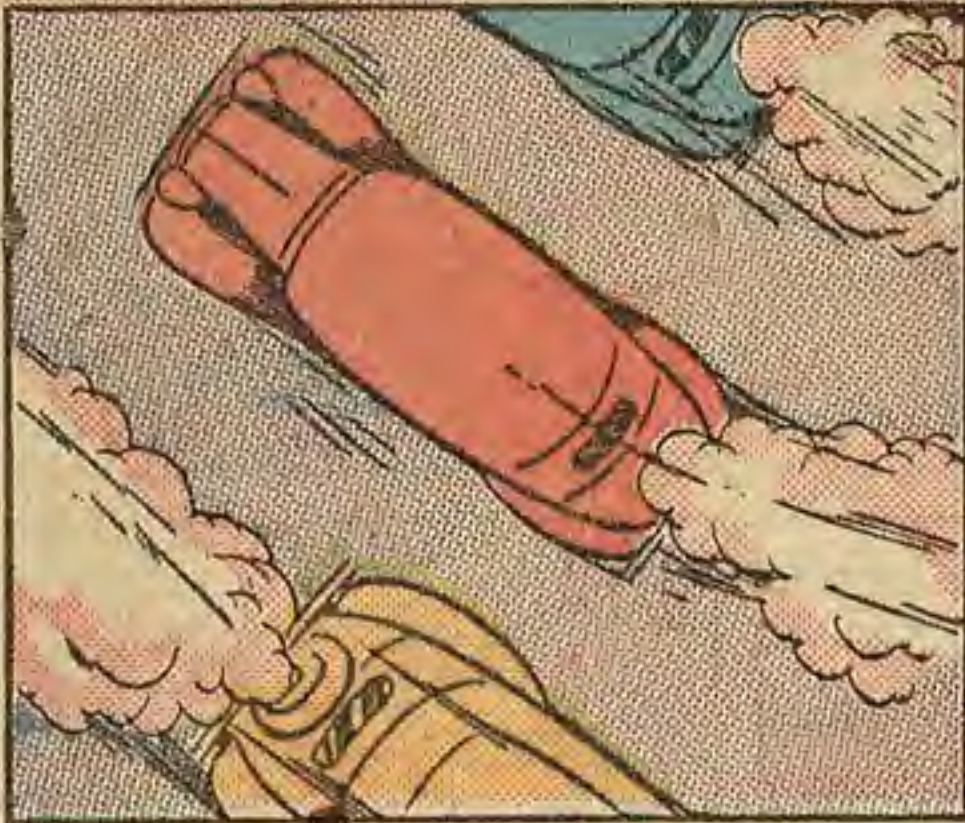


# BOZZO

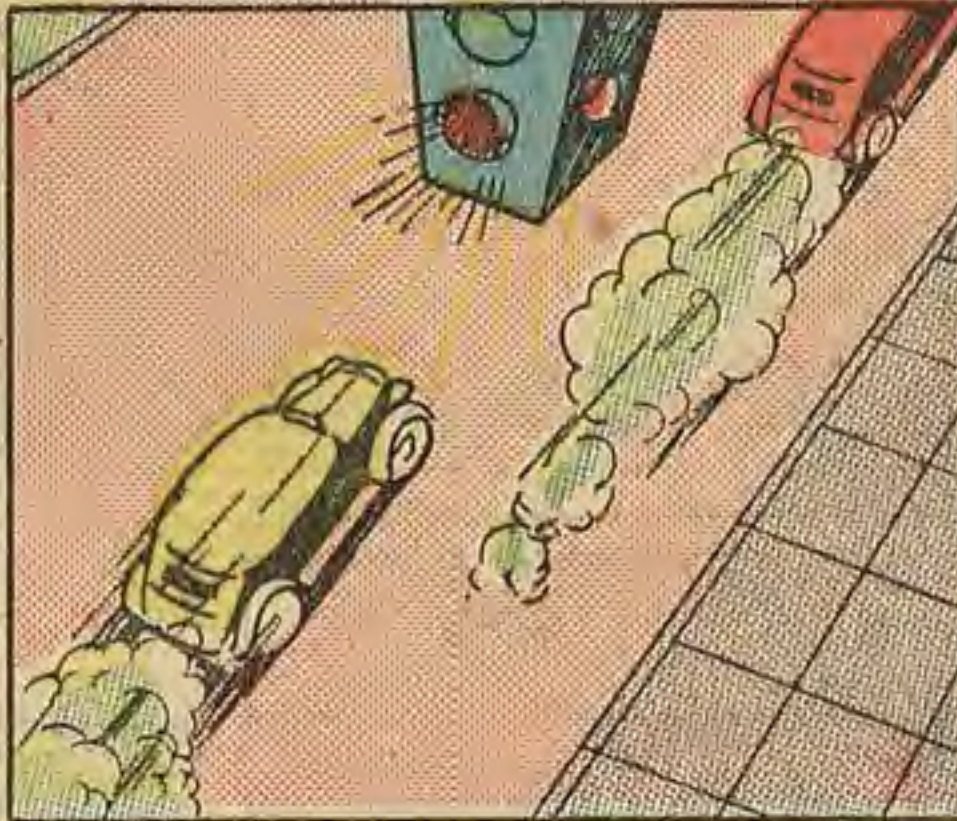
by  
WAYNE  
REID.

## THE ROBOT

CRAZILY, A CAR SPEEDS  
THROUGH THE STREETS—



AND A POLICE CAR FOLLOWS  
IN MAD PURSUIT--



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

THE GUYS IN  
THE FIRST CAR  
ROBBED A BANK  
AND ARE MAKING  
A GETAWAY!



SWISHH

FASTER, TOM—  
THEY'RE LOSIN'  
US!

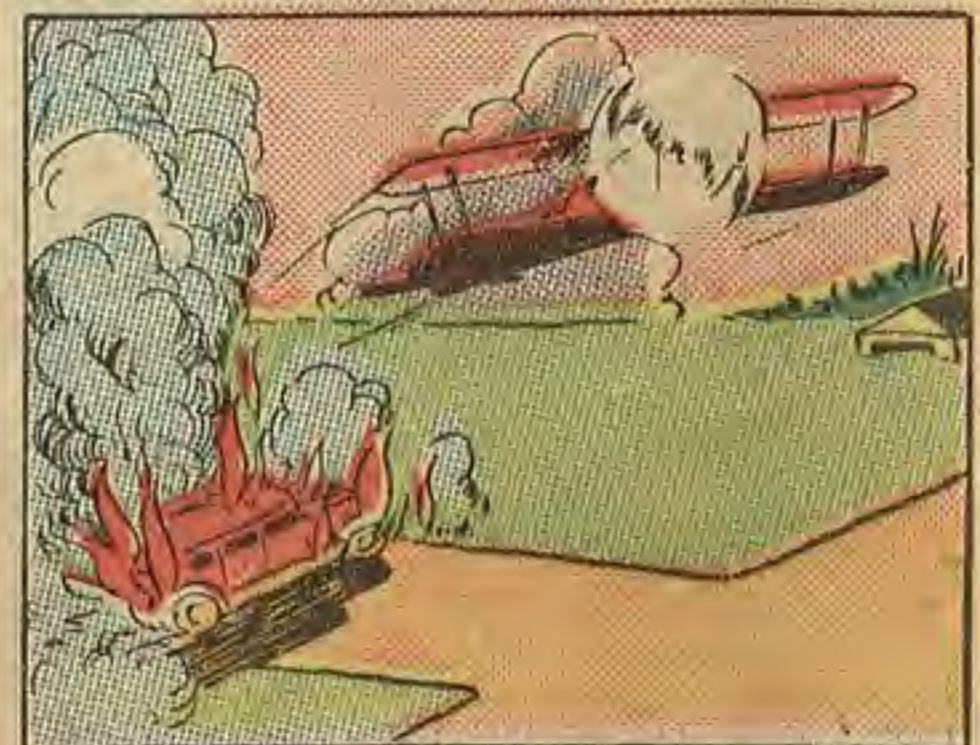
WE'RE  
DOIN' SO--  
HEY!--



—THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR  
THE AIRPORT! I'LL STOP AT  
THE FIRST CALL BOX, CALL  
THE FIELD AN' TELL THE  
AIR POLICE  
TO WATCH  
FOR THEM!



MEANWHILE THE CROOKS REACH  
THE AIRPORT, SET THEIR CAR  
AFIRE AND ESCAPE IN A  
WAITING PLANE.....

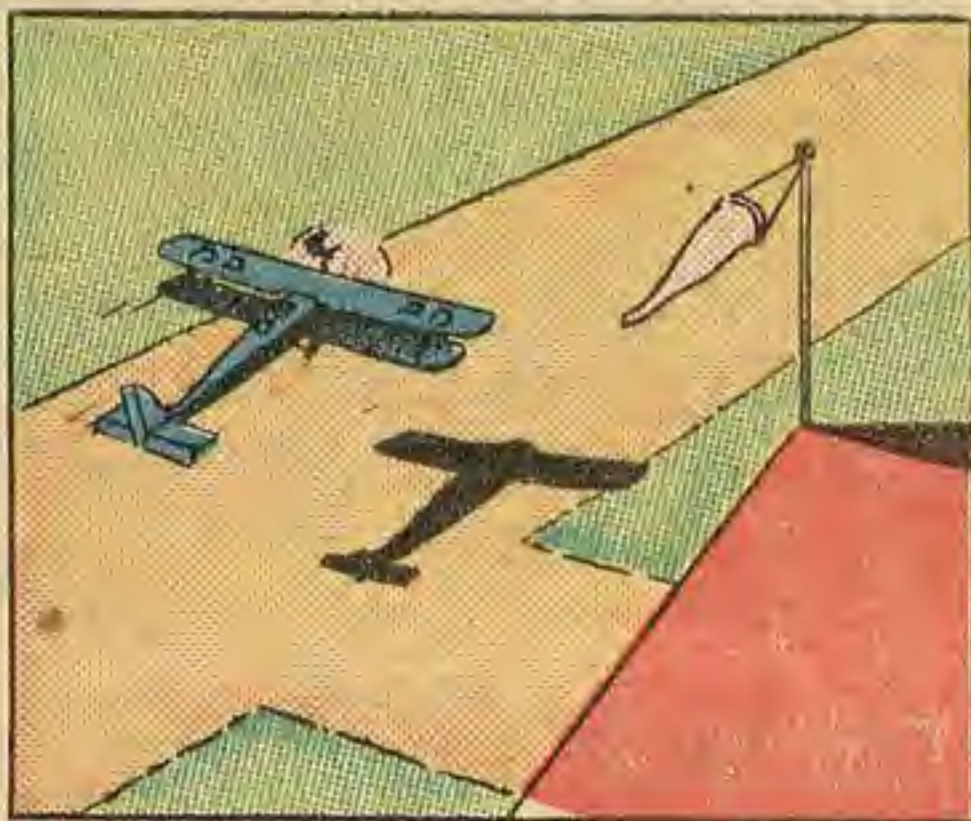




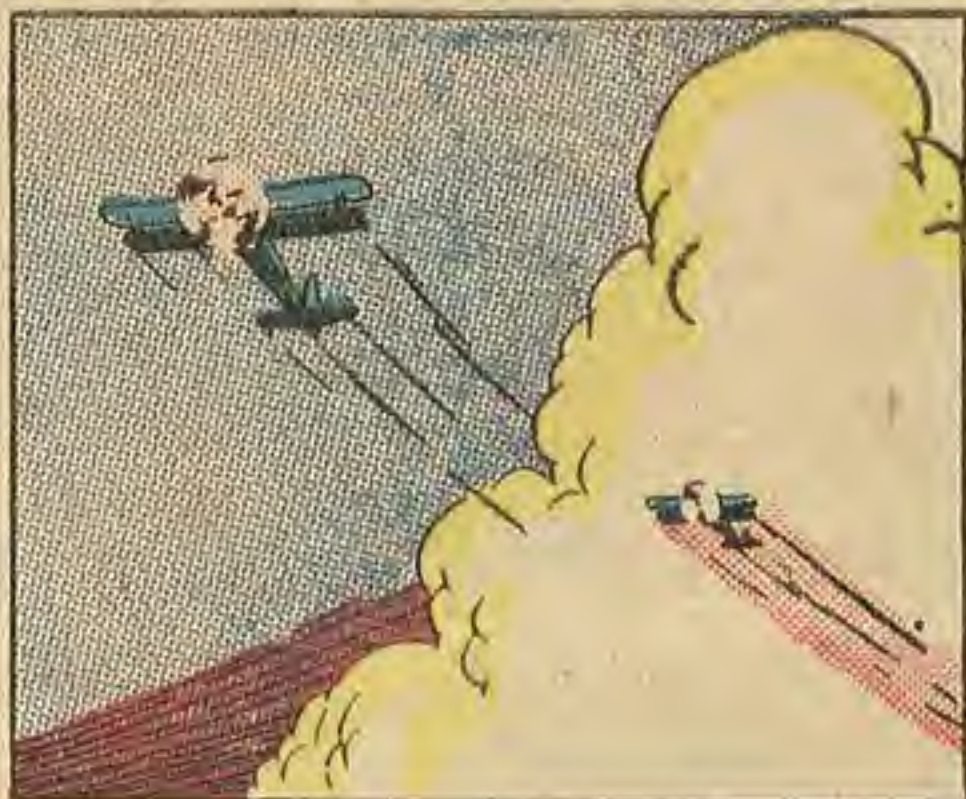
AT THE SAME TIME ORDERS  
ARE SENT OUT TO THE AIR POLICE.



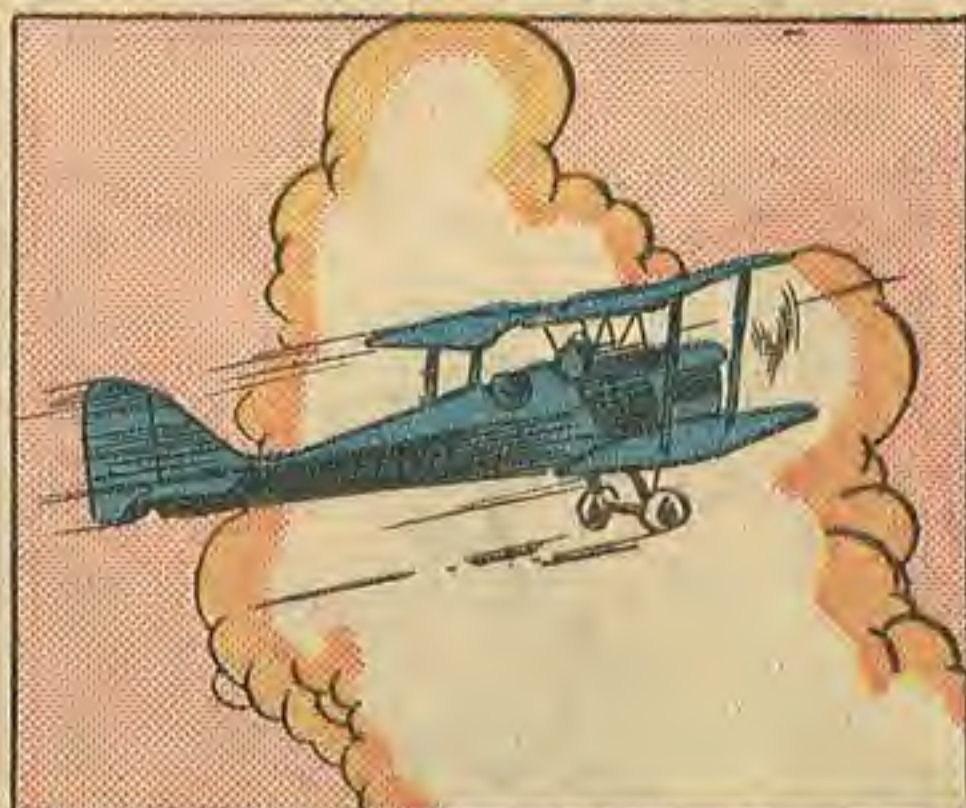
AND THE POLICE TAKE TO  
THE AIR----



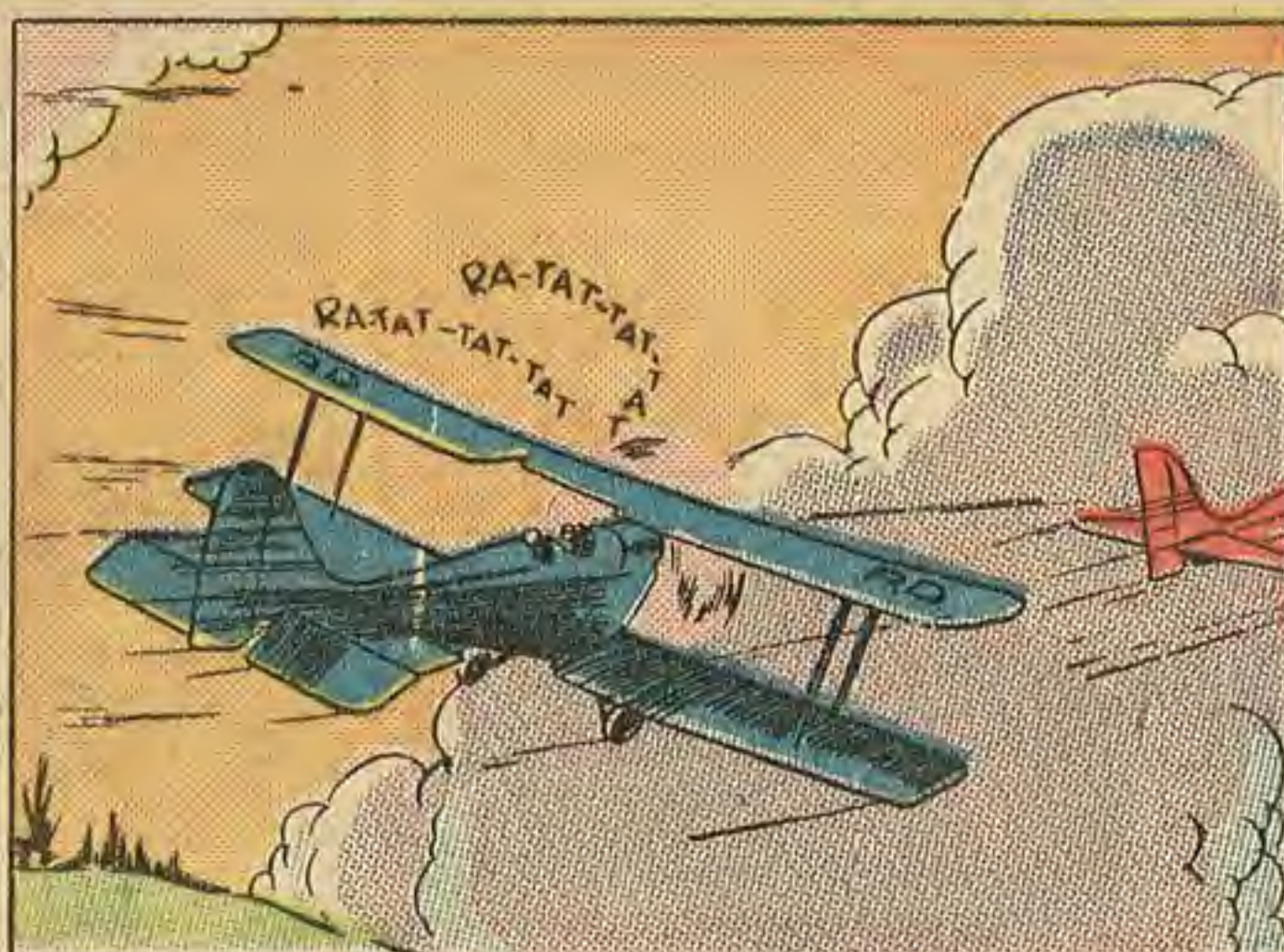
THEIR FAST PLANE SOON  
CLOSES THE GAP BETWEEN  
THEM AND THE CROOKS----



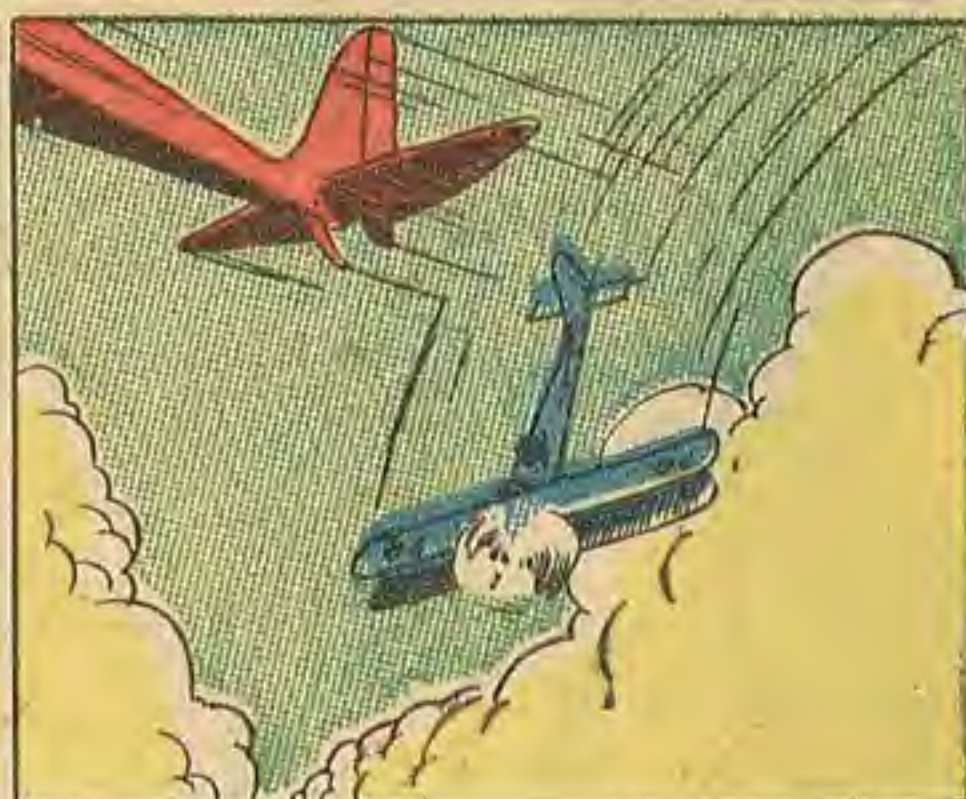
WITH A WARMING BURST OF  
MACHINE GUN FIRE, THE POLICE  
PLANE SHOOTS AHEAD....



THE TWO PLANES  
ARE WITHIN  
100 FEET OF EACH  
OTHER AND THE  
POLICE START  
POURING HOT LEAD  
INTO THE TAIL  
OF THE  
FLEEING GUNMEN--



SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT  
WARNING THE POLICE PLANE  
GOES INTO A NOSEDIVE...



SPIRALLING TOWARD THE EARTH  
OUT OF CONTROL----



IT COMES TO REST IN  
A CLUMP OF TREES--



WHILE THE CROOKS MAKE  
GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.....





THE NEXT DAY-

# MYSTERY SHROUDS ESCAPE OF FLYING BANK ROBBERS.

TWO AIR POLICEMEN FOUND DEAD IN PLANE. DEATHS A MYSTERY. PLANE FOUND IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER.

AUTOPSY PROVED THE TWO OFFICERS WERE NOT SHOT AND YET DID NOT DIE A NATURAL DEATH. HOW DID THEY DIE?

MEANWHILE IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE CROOKS--

WELL BOYS, A COUPLE MORE HAULS LIKE THIS, AN' WE CAN RETIRE!

YEAH-

AN' MAKIN' A GETAWAY BY PLANE IS TOPS--THEY'LL NEVER GET US THAT WAY!

FROM NOW ON THAT'S OUT--THEY'LL BE EXPECTIN' US TO WORK THAT WAY ALL TH' TIME--

SO THEY'LL DOUBLE UP ON US, AN' YA KNOW MORE THAN ONE PLANE MIGHT BRING US DOWN!

HOW'LL WE WORK THEN?

WE CAN WORK TH' SAME WAY IN A CAR!

GET ONE READY, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB TO DO!

OKAY!

AT THE SAME TIME, HUGH LAZZARD READS ABOUT THE STRANGE CASE--

HMM--THIS IS A MYSTERY!

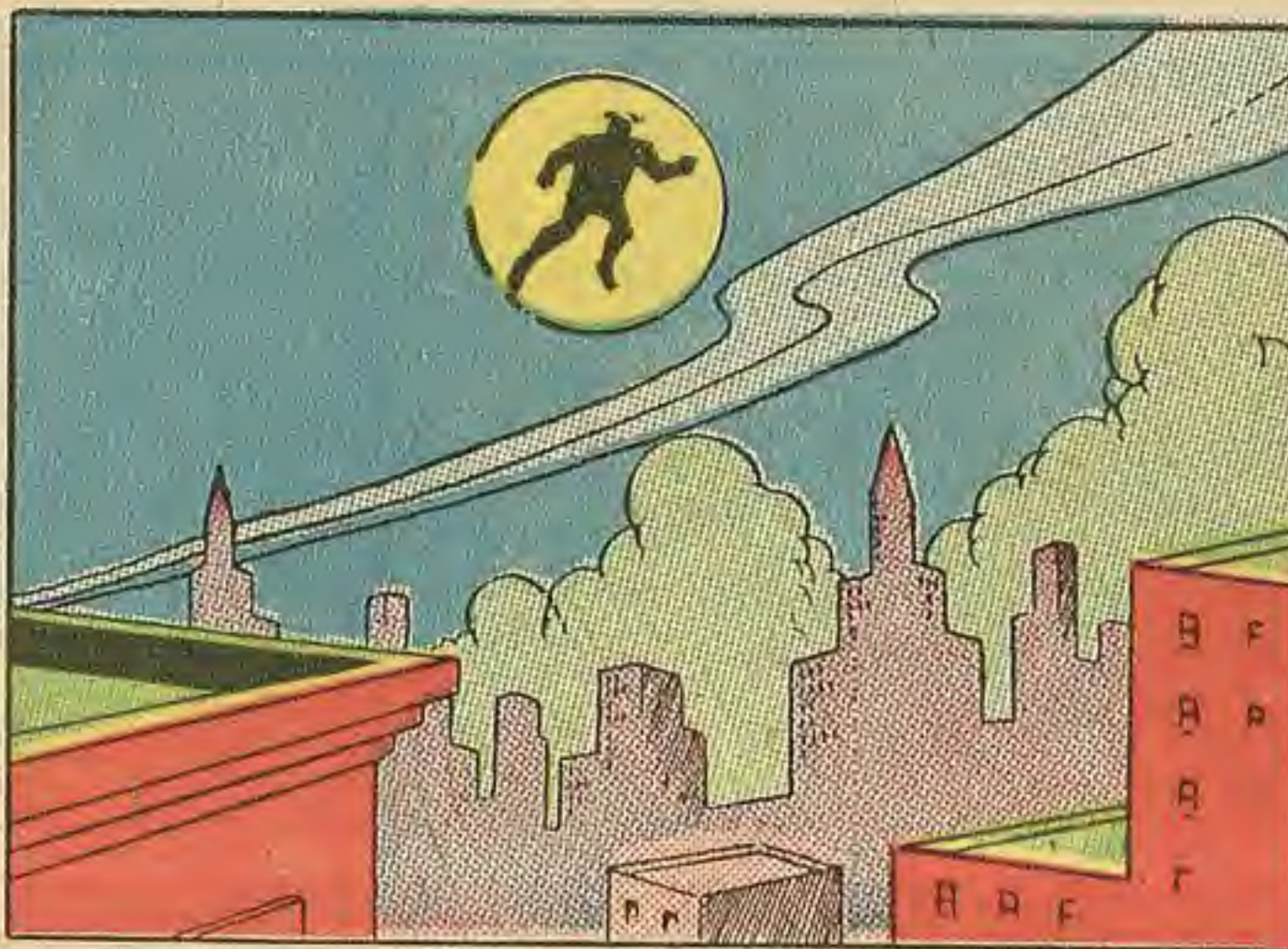
NOT SHOT--THEY DIDN'T DIE A NATURAL DEATH, YET THEY'RE DEAD!

IT'S A CINCH THEY WON'T STOP WORKING NOW--AND THEY CAN'T BE STOPPED, BECAUSE THERE'S NO CLUES AS TO WHO THEY ARE!

THAT MEANS BOZO AND I TAKE UP A 24 HOUR VIGIL WHERE THE MOST BANKS ARE LOCATED!



WITH A MIGHTY  
LEAP, HUGH, INSIDE  
THE ROBOT,  
HEADS TOWARD THE  
FINANCIAL DISTRICT  
OF THE CITY-



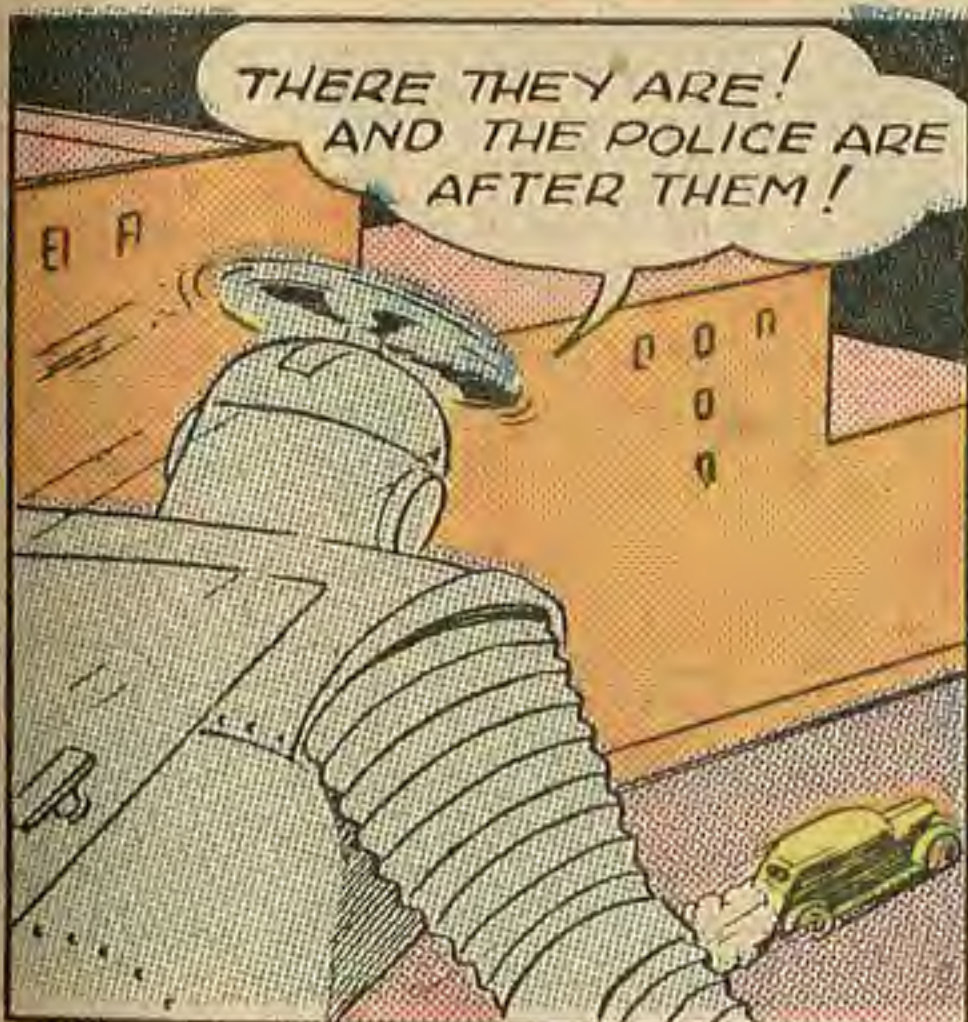
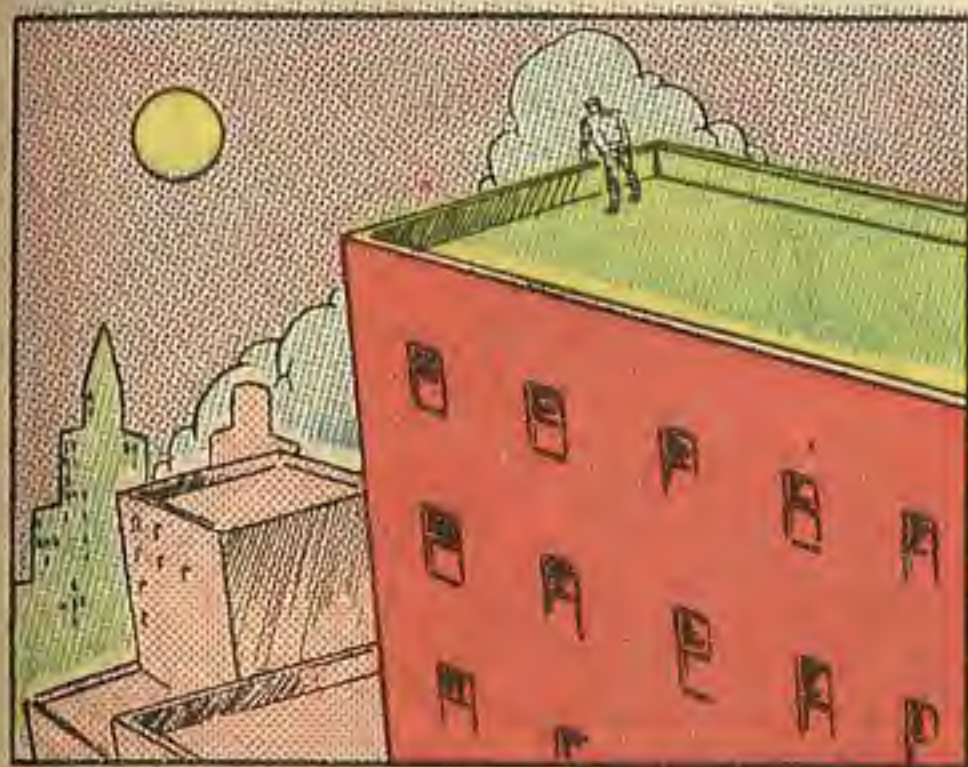
MEANWHILE, THE CROOKS ARE  
READY TO CARRY OUT ANOTHER  
ROBBERY-



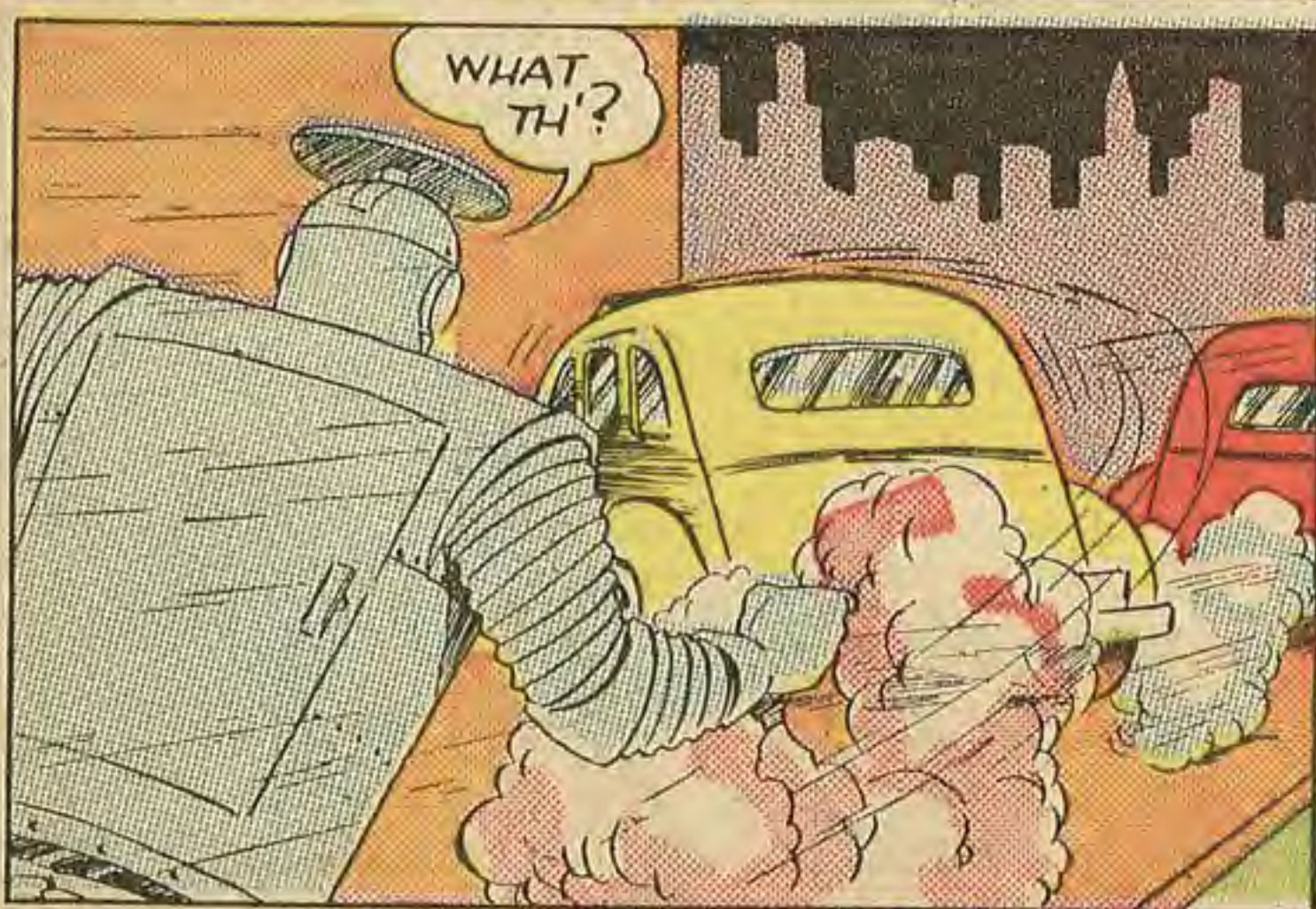
AT THE SAME TIME THE IRON  
MAN HIDES OUT ATOP A HIGH  
BUILDING, LISTENING TO POLICE  
CALLS--

SUDDENLY FROM A SET  
INSTALLED INSIDE THE ROBOT

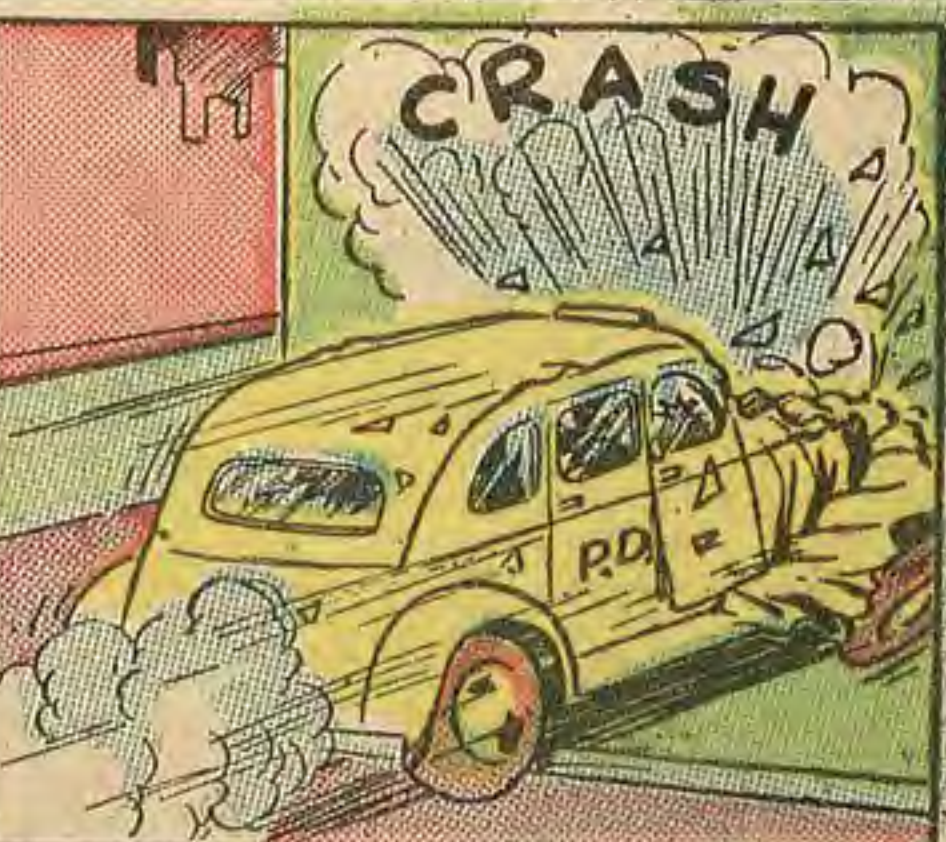
CALLING ALL CARS-GO TO  
PINE AND GROVE STREETS,  
MYSTERY GANG  
ESCAPING FROM  
BANK ROBBERY!



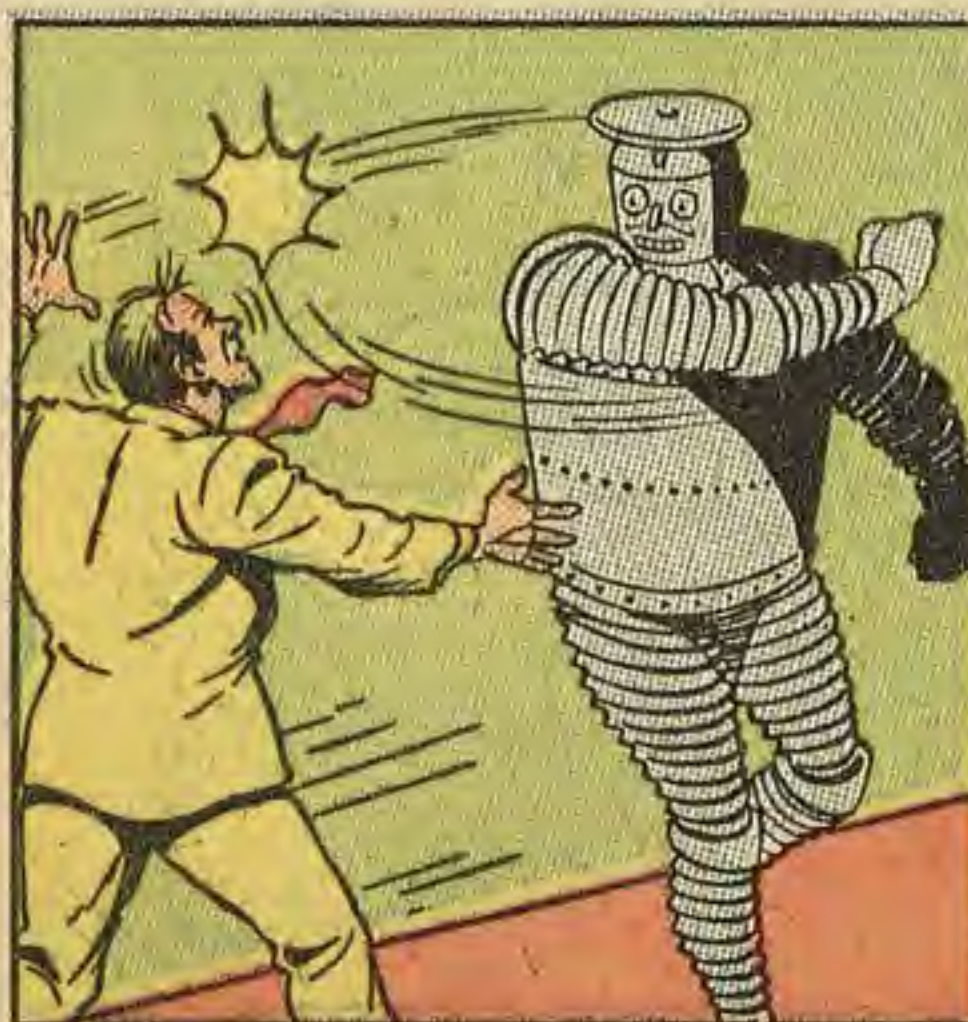
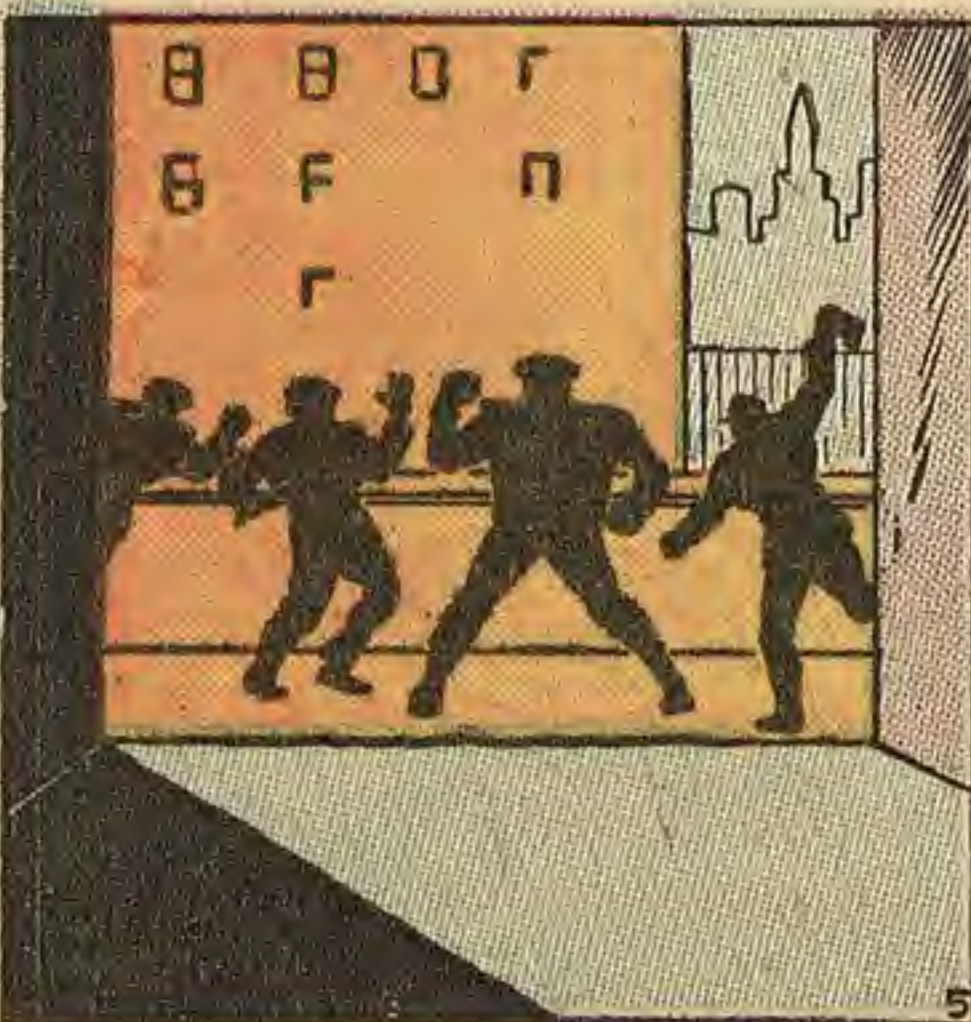
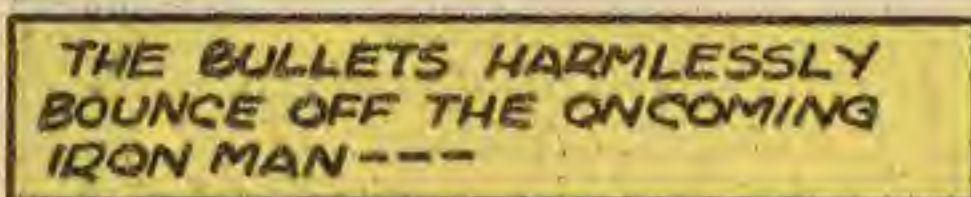
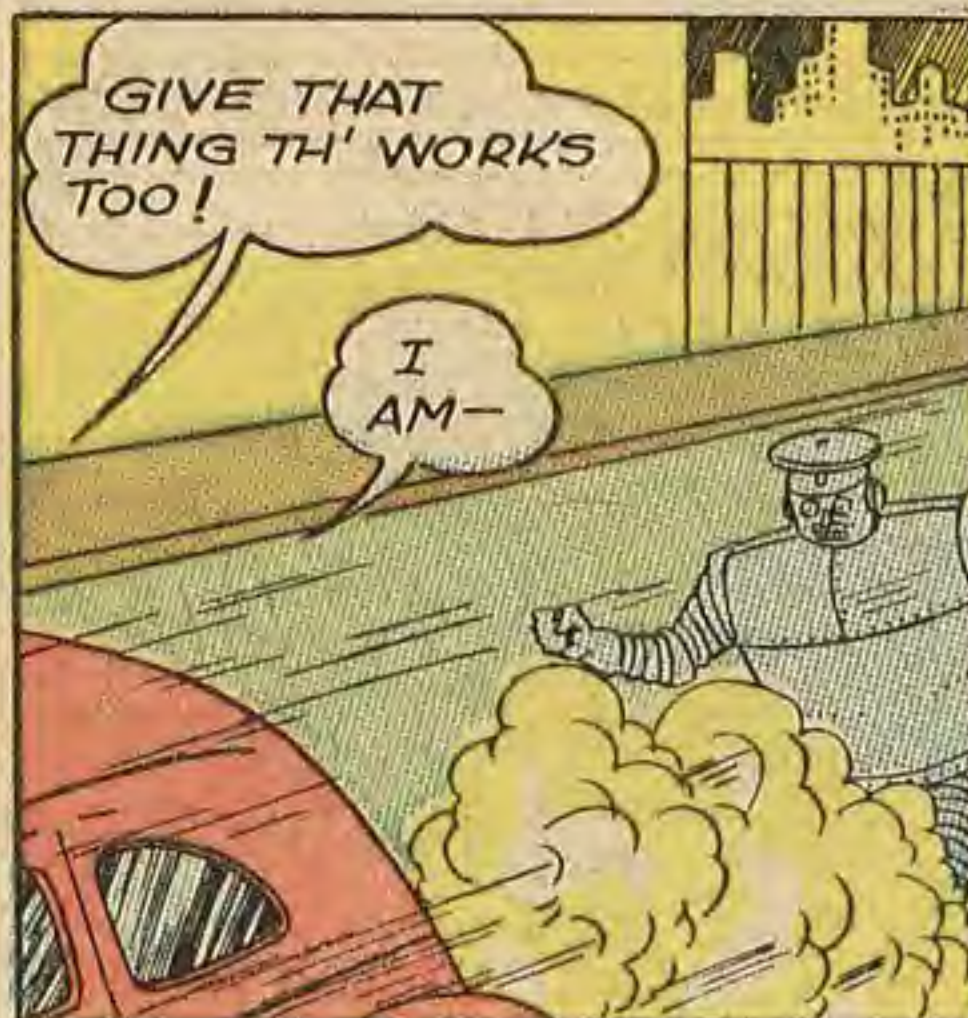
BOZO, RACING  
CLOSE BEHIND,  
SEES THE  
POLICE CAR  
SUDDENLY  
REEL FROM  
SIDE TO SIDE-



IT CRASHES INTO A  
BUILDING-----





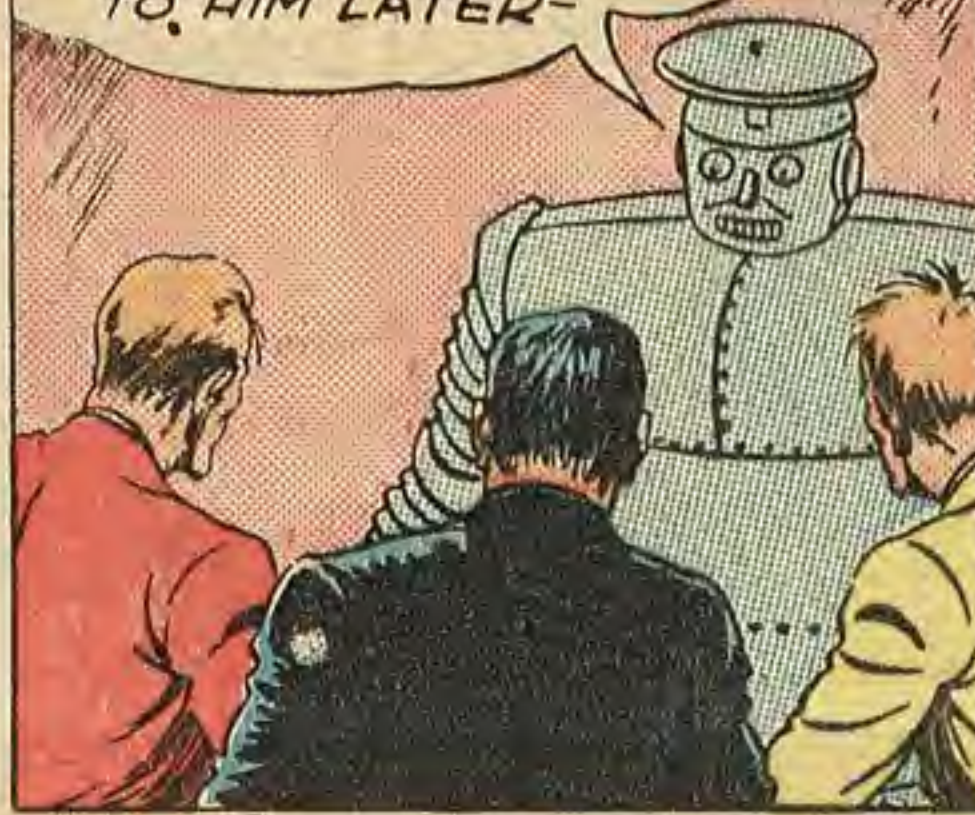




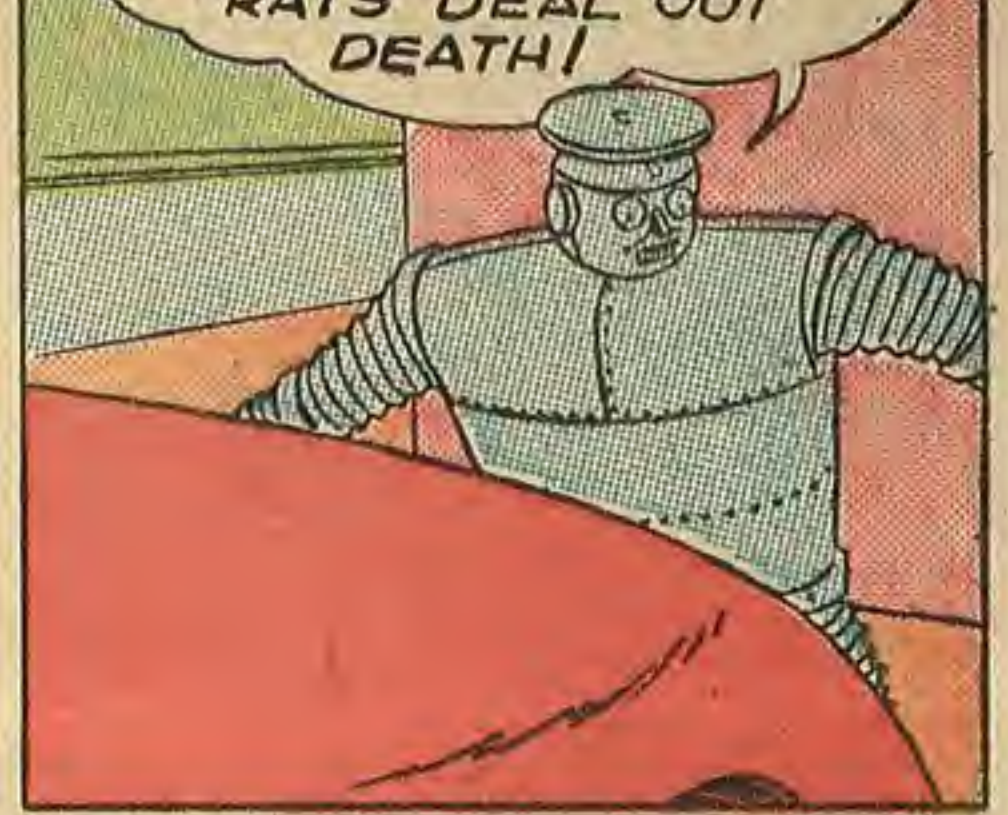
IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT,  
ONE OF THE CROOKS MAKES  
HIS ESCAPE---



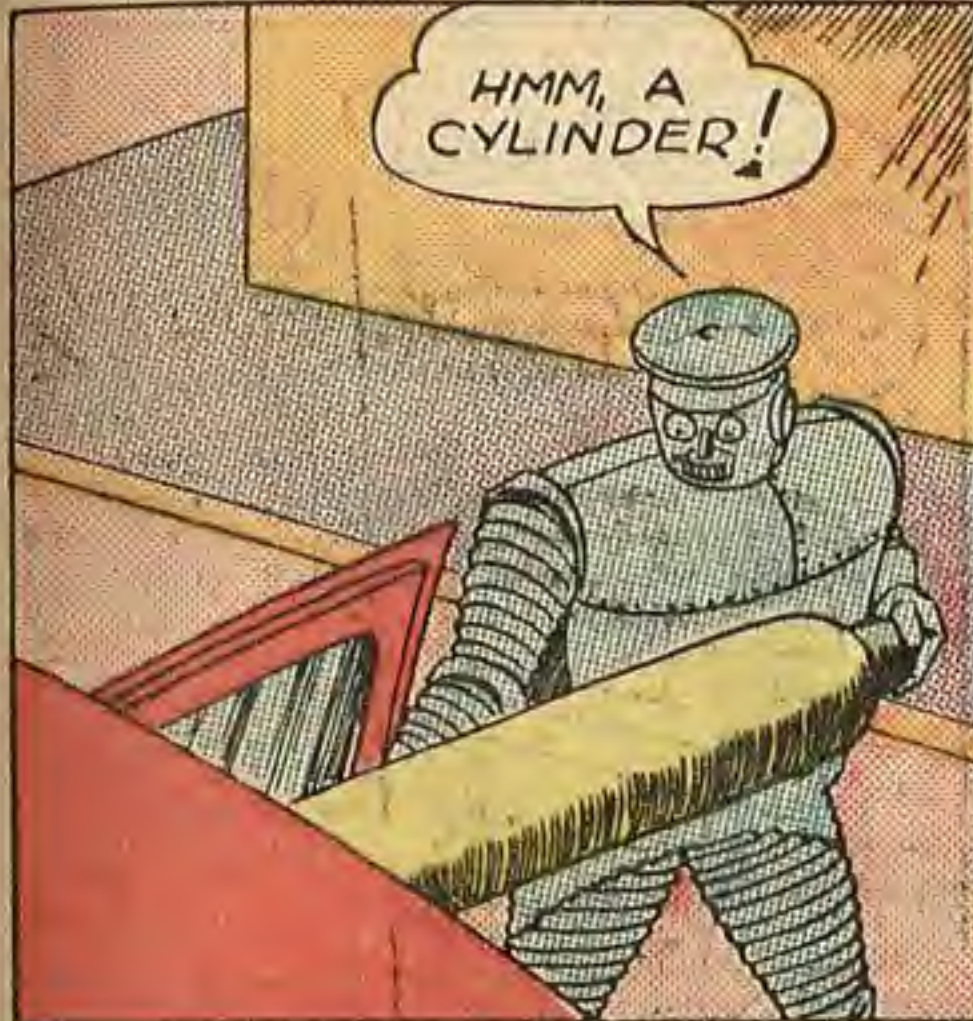
SAY, THERE WERE FOUR  
OF YOU BIRDS, ONE GOT  
AWAY - I'LL ATTEND  
TO HIM LATER-



FIRST I WANT  
TO FIND OUT HOW YOU  
RATS DEAL OUT  
DEATH!



HMM, A  
CYLINDER!



OKAY, BOYS, WHAT  
IS IT? HOW DOES  
IT WORK??

FIND OUT-  
WE AIN'T!!  
TALKIN'!!

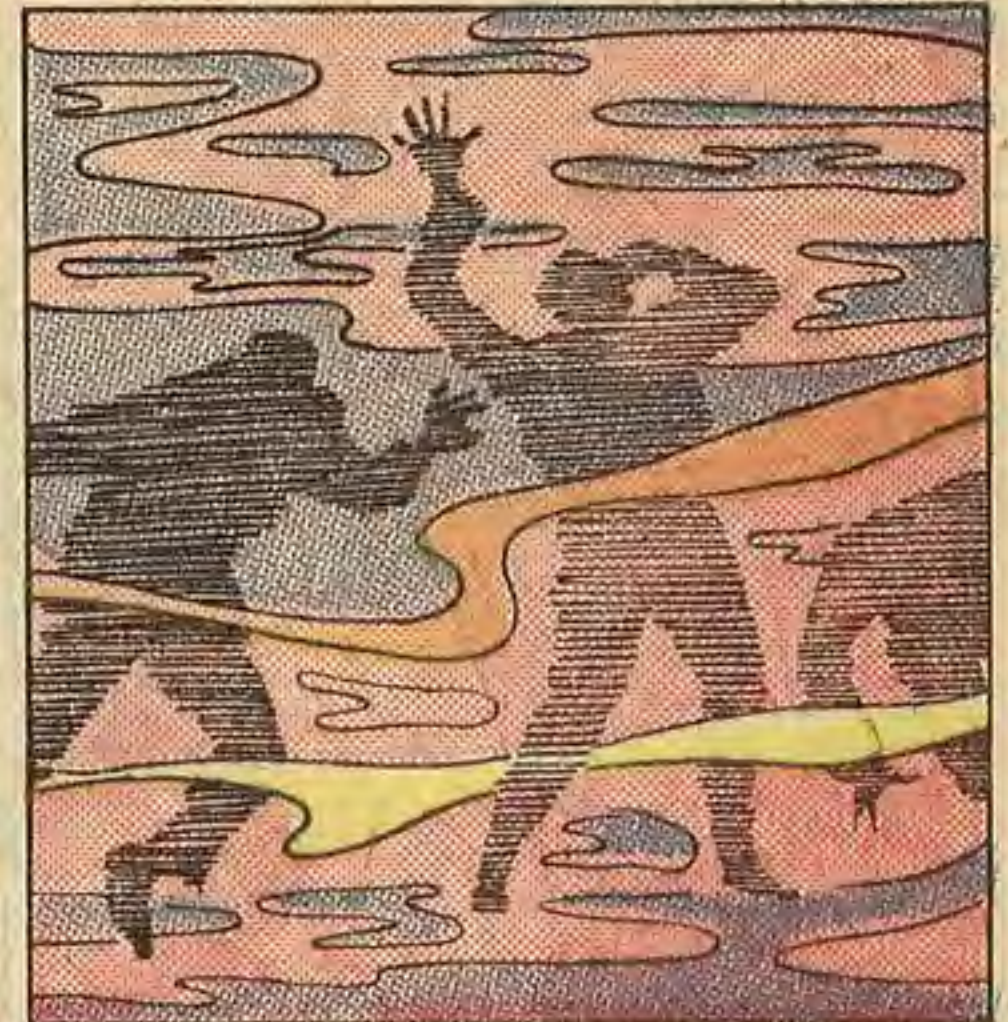


SURE!



D-DON'T-  
WE'LL  
ALL--

DON'T!



DEAD! - BY  
POISON GAS!!



I'VE GOT TO FIND  
THE BIRD WHO  
ESCAPED!

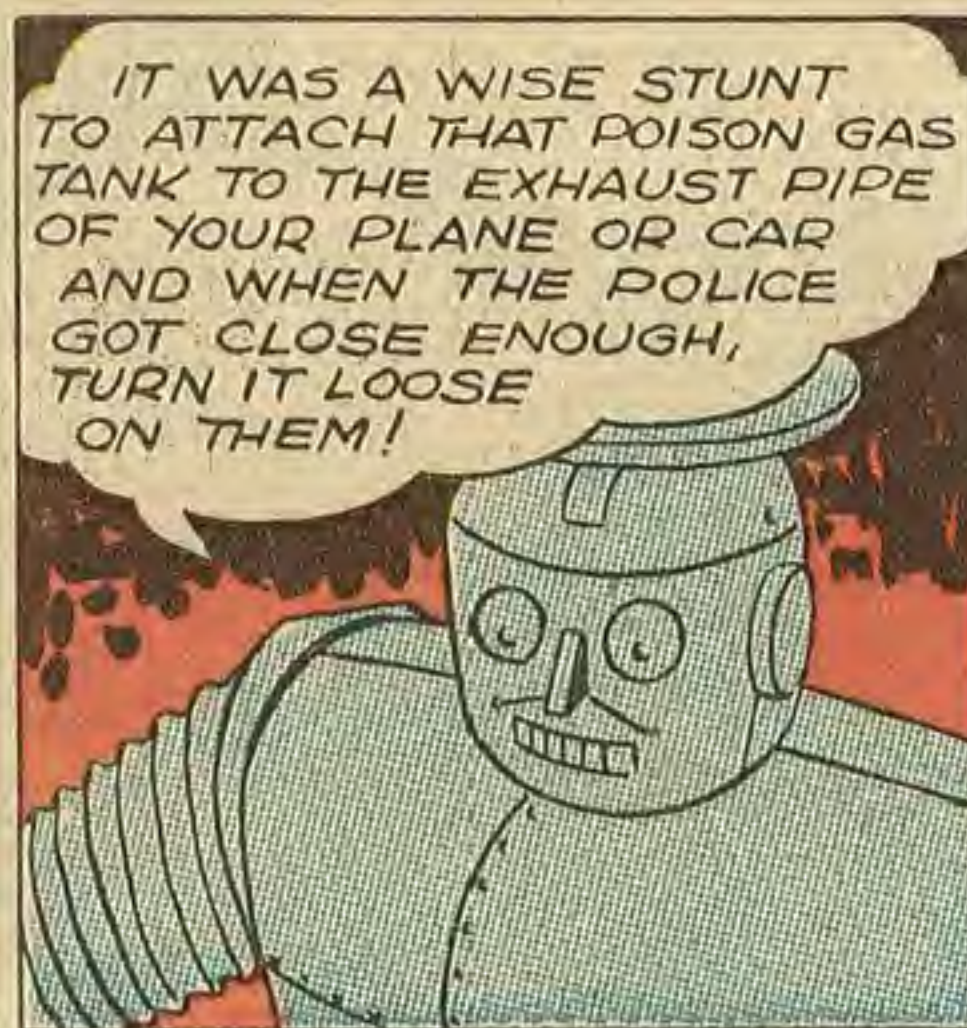
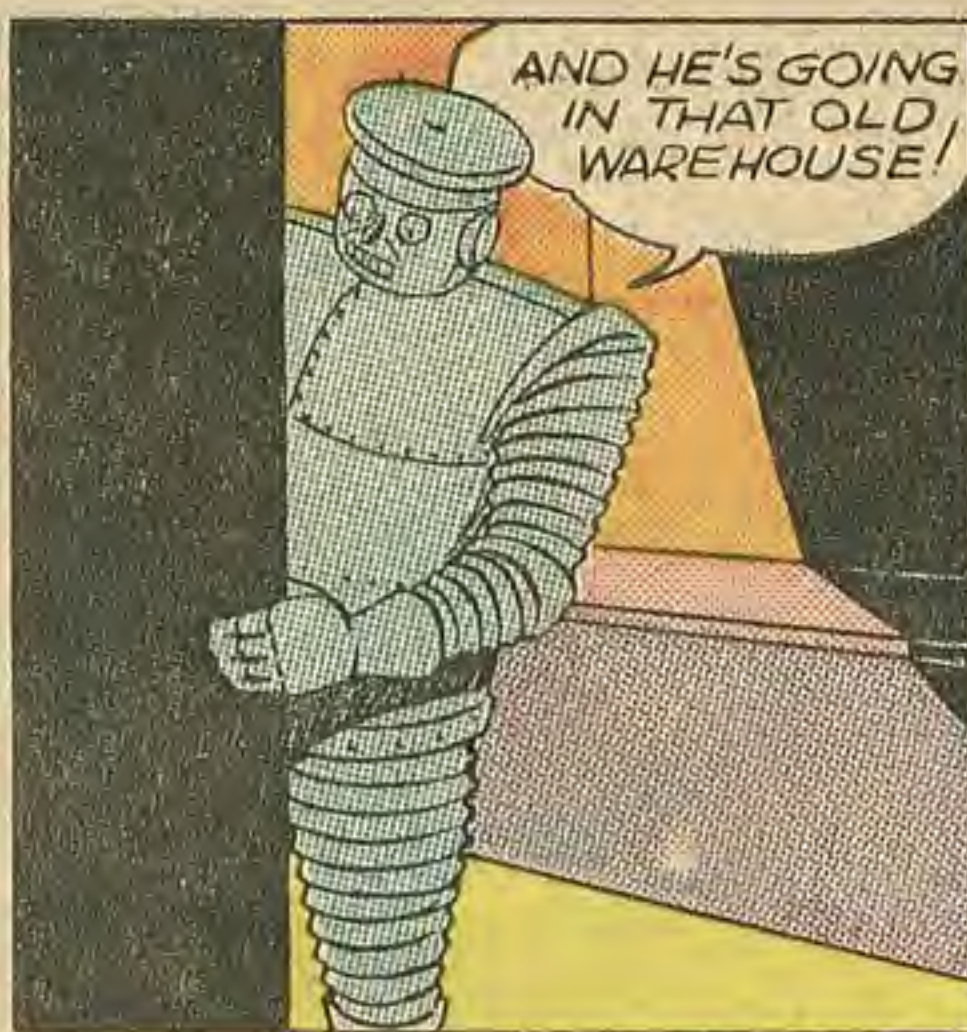


AND BOZO LEAPS INTO  
THE AIR---

HE'LL LEAD ME TO  
THE FIEND BEHIND  
THIS!









*Do this puzzle correctly* and win a  
free pennant for your bike or room

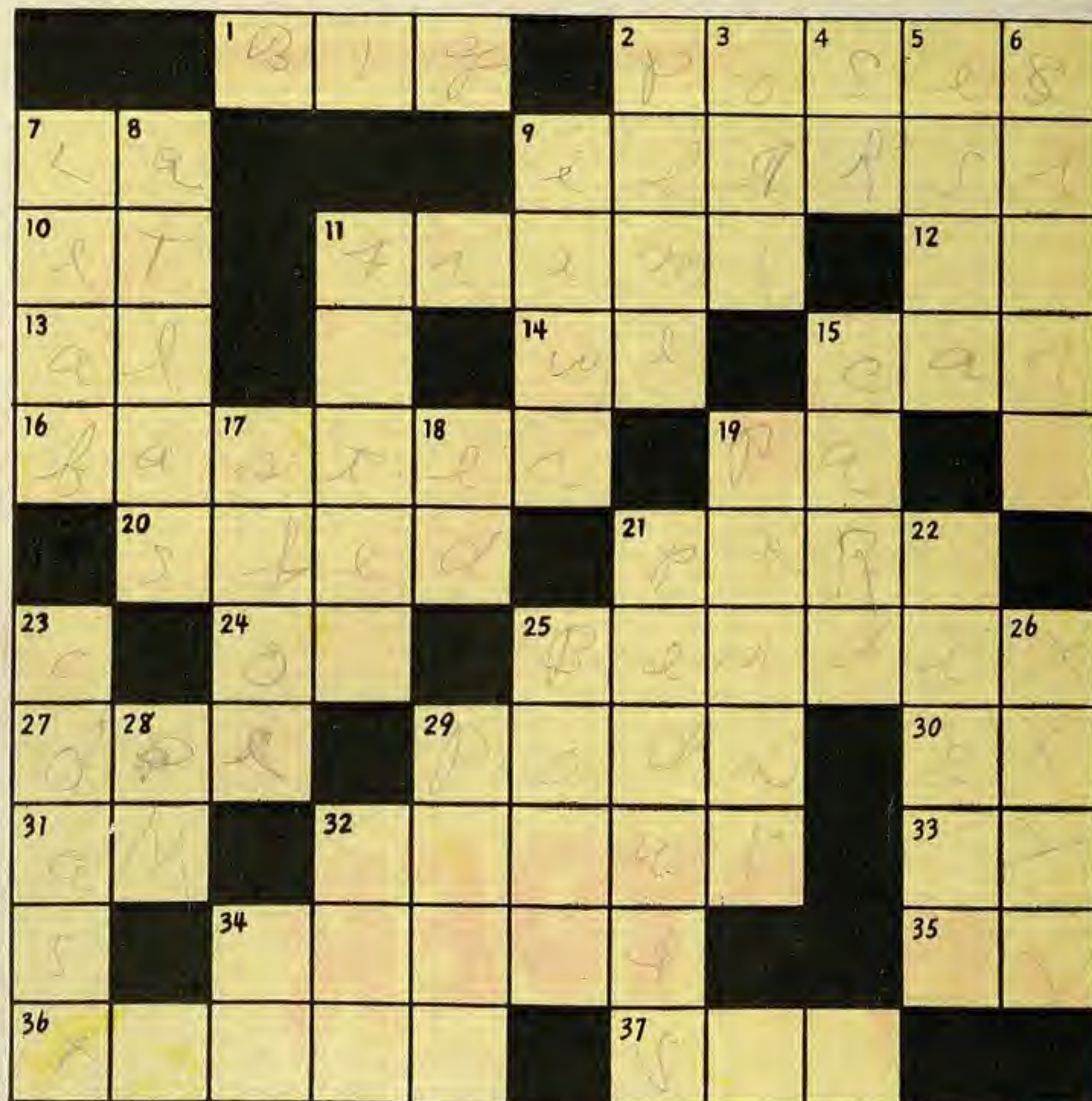


#### WORDS READING ACROSS

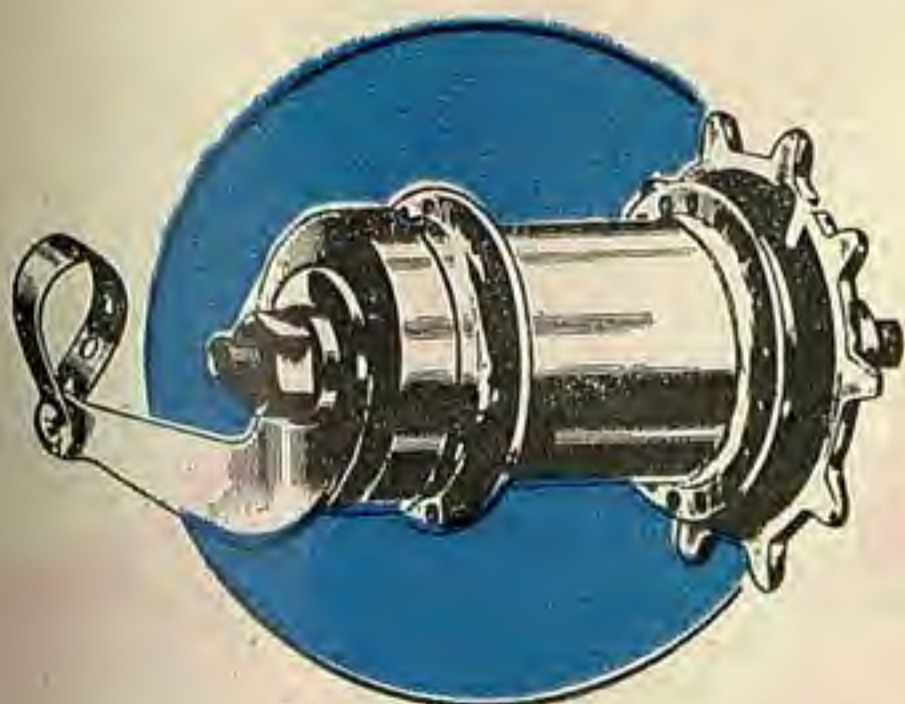
1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad)!
12. What you want a bike to do (and how!)
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outsides" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Serenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

#### WORDS READING DOWN

2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.



9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
15. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "sissy".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—IVXLCDM?) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Good pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.



**F**ILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your **FREE** bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

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